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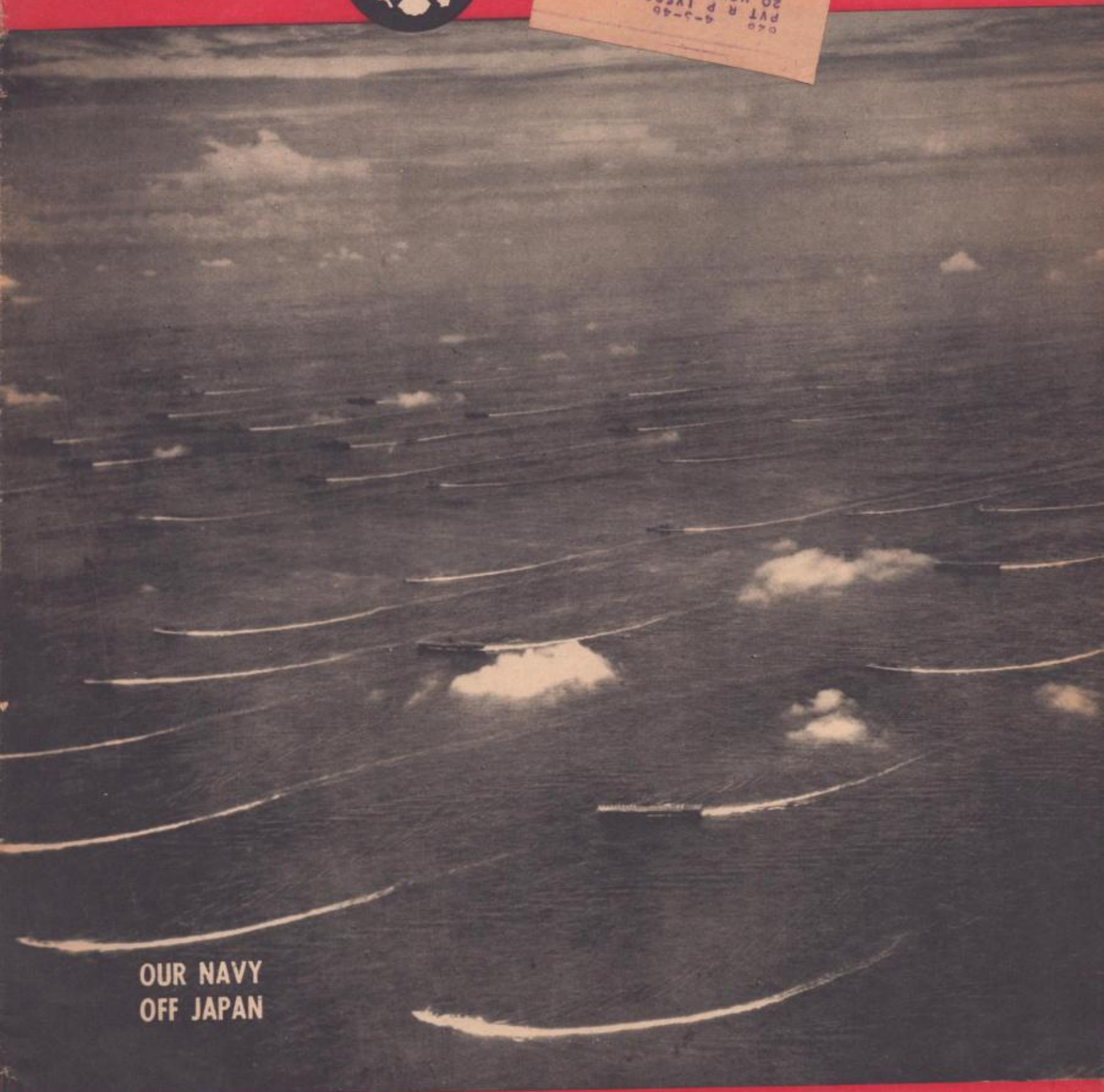

OUR NAVY
OFF JAPAN

American GIs' First Look At Japs On Peace Errand

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Prelude to Occupation

Ie Shima

IE SHIMA — The two white Japanese planes, plump against a brilliant noon sky, floated smoothly over the glaring coral airstrip, made sure of the two big, white crosses daubed there, and then moved out and banked for a turn. On the outer side of each flew an American B-15 medium bomber. It was as if the two Jap planes were locked in the arms of escorting policemen.

Flung around the field was a thin ring of American soldiers with rifles at fixed bayonet and behind that ring another and massive circle of troops who had piled one above the other on the heaps of starchy coral until they were like packed bleacher fans at a ball game. On the field itself stood two giant C-54 transports.

The presence of the white Jap ships and the silver C-54s was according to specifications. For a week the Japanese had beamed long-distance and somewhat involved surrender talk at the Allies. Gen. Douglas MacArthur, supreme Allied representative, ordered them to send to Manila a delegation capable of talking cold turkey, and his orders were specific. The Japs were told to fly in a white plane marked with green crosses from Japan to Ie Shima, the tiny island where Ernie Pyle fell, a dozen miles northeast of Okinawa. Here they would transfer to an American plane for the balance of the journey.

Except for a 48-hour granted delay and the use of two planes instead of one, instructions had been complied with. A squadron of American P-38 fighters picked up the unarmed Jap ships at the lower tip of Kyushu, southern isle of the Jap homeland, at 1000 hours Okinawa time. They escorted them until relieved by a second squadron, which in turn gave way to a third. When the planes were about 120 miles from Ie Shima, a Marine air-warning group picked them up on its radar and plotted them in.

The Jap planes were two-engined Betty-bombers. Good planes. The Marine outfit had sweated out a good many Betties in its day.

Now, after more than a week during which American civilians at home and soldiers in garrison and in the field had broken loose in wild celebrations, here in the blazing sky over chalky Ie Shima, was the first solid, tangible substance of capitulation. The troops on their coral bleachers shaded their eyes and stared upward. Except for the bare movement of eyes following the planes, they were motionless and silent.

Three times the white Betties passed over the field, making sure, waiting for the proper signal, or perhaps hesitating at the final moment. On each plane were painted five crosses—one under either wing, one on either side, and the fifth on the upper tail fin. From the ground the crosses appeared black rather than green. On the fourth approach the ships came in low for a landing. The call signal of the first plane since its departure from Japan had been "Bataan One"; of the second, "Bataan Two." As they swept past it could be seen that the white paint had been applied hastily, despite four days advance notice. It was streaked and blotched. To the very end the Japs had managed to do things badly.

When "Bataan One" taxied back, the co-pilot was standing up holding the blister window open with his raised hand while with the other he pounded on the plane's nose to guide the pilot in the course directed by the "Follow me" jeep. Then he climbed down and lowered the blister and half-a-dozen members of the crew sat staring down at the small crowd of cameramen and correspondents and MPs and interpreters, and at the greater ring of troops around the field.

The flyers wore goggles and leather helmets with rabbit-fur earflaps turned up. Their walnut-colored togs looked very thick and heavy. Behind the paneled blister they somehow looked familiar. After a moment one got out. He was straight out of a Hollywood Class-B thriller. The opening was about the size of a manhole. One of the crosses had been painted over the door and a splotch of dark green paint remained above, below and on either side where the cross had extended over the edges.

For a little while nothing happened and then a thin man—tall for a Jap and doubled awkwardly because of the smallness of the space—got down. He was dressed in a sports coat, light shorts and white stockings which reached almost to his knees. He wore spectacles but no hat, and his thin face was decorated with a small mustache. It developed later that this was Morio Yukawa, Co-Secretary of the Foreign Office and one of the two civilians in the party. Then through that hole and the hole of "Bataan Two," which had taxied up behind, poured a stream of peaked hats and horn-rimmed spectacles and gold braid and *Samurai* swords and knee-high boots with spurs.

From their bleachers behind their fixed bayonets, the American troops still watched silently, conscious of their presence at an historic spectacle, understanding its meaning, yet experiencing the veteran's ancient difficulty in believing that events will ever fall so properly into place as to get him home. Finally, the interpreters rounded up the Japs.

Altogether there were 16 of them in a motley of Army and Navy uniforms and civilian clothes. The braid of Lt. Gen. Torashiro Kawabe, head of the delegation and Vice-Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, cascaded from his shoulders in a golden deluge. He wore high boots and spurs, and his great, carved *Samurai* sword swept the earth. Others had their share of fine feathers, but now in the hot sun, after cramped hours in a bomber, they were without luster. Nothing in the Jap warrior's code of *Bushido* covers an event of this kind and the representatives of Japan's shattered dream seemed confused and forlorn. As they straggled across the chipped white coral to the shade of the enormous wing of one of the C-54s they did not smile, and some observers thought them scowling and surly; more likely they were trying, without much success, to adopt the Western code of military dignity despite defeat. Under the plane wing they lined up in short rows, and the flyers, in their dark monkey suits and floppy, tan half-boots, ran over and gathered behind them. At the front right of the formation stood Gen. Kawabe, his brickish face, barren of mustache or spectacles, turned a little to the right and his eyes cast resolutely down.

Twenty feet away, facing the Japanese, Brig. Gen. Frederick H. Smith of the 5th Fighter Command, an early fighter pilot in the Pacific, delivered brief instructions. He told the delegation that it would proceed to Manila and he offered to put up the flyers on Ie Shima. As his words were interpreted, Gen. Kawabe snapped his head affirmatively without raising his eyes. When the formation broke up, the Japanese formed a queue for the climb into one of the C-54s. They climbed the ladder slowly, because of their dignity and their swords and their briefcases, and entered the huge door standing up.

The plane was what airmen call a plush job. It had curtains at the windows and the double rows of seats on either side of the aisle were of the type found in ultra-modern railway chair-cars. The Japanese would have an opportunity of stretching out and relaxing during the final leg of the journey to Manila. Down below the Japanese crew members had pulled their gear out of the two Betties and were loading it and themselves into jeeps and recon cars. By now the photographers had broken the MP inner lines and they surged about the vehicles. In a moment the C-54 spluttered, and the roar of its four powerful engines warming up added to the confusion. Then the big plane turned ponderously and made its run and pulled itself up and swung across toward Okinawa.

If the Japs looked out of the windows, they would see on the fields below them more airplanes than they had ever seen in one place in their lives.

All this time the soldiers in the coral bleachers had watched the strange panorama motionless and in silence. Now their attention was attracted by something more familiar. Small Air Force tractors began to drag the two Jap Betties into a dispersal area. Here was something a man could get his teeth into. The gleam of the determined souvenir hunter came into the eyes of the crowd, which surged forward. The MP lines strained and for a moment the struggle was nip-and-tuck. The MPs bellowed and heaved and finally they got the upper hand.

"Probably just as well," one GI said, as a ring of steel was quickly drawn around the Betties. "Maybe they're the only two planes the Japs have got left."

—Sgt. DALE KRAMER
YANK Staff Correspondent

On the land, in the air and on the sea, Jap surrender envoys made their way to various Allied headquarters to arrange for the official surrender which would pave the way for occupation forces to take over the home islands of Japan.

Manila

MANILA, THE PHILIPPINES—MPs did an about-face away from the Jap generals, admirals, colonels and plain civilians who had been brought to Nichols Field to arrange for the signing of the surrender in Tokyo. That way the MPs didn't have to salute the Jap emissaries.

There were a few cries of "*Banzai!*" from the crowd of servicemen, officers, sailors and Filipinos who had gathered to watch the Jap arrival. Somebody hollered out, "Where's Tojo?"

The suitcase carried by one of the Japs drew

Lt. Gen. Tarashiro Kawaba, wearing his Samurai sword approaches Allied Headquarters in Manila to surrender

A Jap harbor pilot swings from the destroyer U.S.S. *Nicholas* to the deck of the battleship U.S.S. *Missouri*.

even more attention than did the *Samurai* swords and the gaudy gold braid spilling from the shoulders of the high-ranking Jap officers. The suitcase bore a sticker that read "Sir Francis Drake Hotel—San Francisco."

Lt. Gen. Torashiro Kawabe, head of the Jap mission and vice-chief of the Imperial General Staff, was the first to get out of the C-54 fat-cat that brought the Japs back to Manila under different conditions than when they first came here.

Gen. Kawabe had on his *Samurai* sword and so did other officers among the Japs. The crowd of Americans eyed the potential souvenirs hungrily. Gen. Kawabe snapped to attention when he saw Col. E. F. Mashbir, Gen. MacArthur's expert on the Japs. Kawabe saluted and then extended his hand. Col. Mashbir extended his own hand, remembered protocol and snatched it back quickly.

The head of the Jap mission seemed to have lost a bit of his aplomb when it came time to present his credentials as representative of the Son of Heaven, T-5 Walter J. Knapke Jr. of the 4026th Signal Photo Battalion said. He seemed nervous. Knapke was there when Kawabe came into the room where Lt. Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, chief of staff to Gen. MacArthur, was waiting for him.

"First," said Knapke, "he dropped the credentials to the floor. Then, when he had picked them up again, he fumbled around with them before he handed them over to Gen. Sutherland."

One of the junior officers in the mission was allowed to buy cigarettes for the party and he drew the ration permitted colonels—one carton per man. He asked for Lucky Strikes but he had to be satisfied with Philip Morris. It is unrecorded if he was told he'd have to be satisfied with what he could get because there was a war on.

He paid for the cigarettes with a $20 bill and when he was offered the change in Filipino money he spurned it, insisting on having American bills and coins. The Americans were touched by his faith in the integrity of the Yankee dollar.

T-4 Raymond H. Katayama of Battle Creek, Mich., got quite chummy with one of the Japs, Shuichi Mizota, who acted as secretary.

Mizota stood by the window and looked at the ruins of Manila. Sgt. Katayama said later that Mizota seemed unhappy, probably because he'd been frozen out of one of the conferences.

"These ruins," said the Jap secretary, "aren't so bad as Tokyo." He added that Kobe, Osaka and Yokohama were even worse.

Sgt. Katayama asked him in Japanese whether the atomic bomb had destroyed Hiroshima.

The Jap secretary paused. "Hiroshima hasn't been destroyed," he said. "It has vanished from the face of the earth."

—Pfc. RALPH IZARD
YANK Staff Correspondent

Sagami Bay

ABOARD THE U.S.S. NICHOLAS ENTERING SAGAMI BAY—Ira Allen CWT of Los Angeles, Calif., wore the same four-leaf clover he had around his neck during the Battle of Kula Gulf. Dick Green GM1c was smoking the same briar pipe, and Joseph Moll SM1c of Phillipsburg, N. J., had even shined his shoes. It was one hell of a special occasion. The destroyer *Nicholas*, which had come all the way with Halsey from Guadalcanal to the coast of Japan, had been picked by the admiral to meet the Jap emissaries coming out of Yokosuka. The Japs were to guide the U.S. Fleet into Tokyo Bay.

A few minutes after 0600 hours, the bridge lookout, Aime Morrissette S1c of Fall River, Mass., peered intently through his binoculars, and called over his shoulder, 'Land ahead—off the port bow." Soon the rest of us could see it: a shadowy mass behind clouds on the horizon.

On the signal bridge Thomas Conner SM1c of Evansville, Ind., ran up the flag hoist and stared hard at his first view of Japan. His brother, a Signal Corps private captured on Bataan, was believed to be in a prison camp near Tokyo.

The task-force formation began to break up. The battlewagons *Missouri*, *Iowa* and *Duke of York* dropped back; cans and APDs moved forward, the *Nicholas* in the lead. Three carrier torpedo bombers crossed overhead, flying very low, and disappeared into a haze beyond. Then at 0710 Henry Wallace FC3c, high on the fire-control director above the flying bridge, shouted, "Unidentified ship dead ahead." Everybody who could made a grab for his glasses. Over the horizon came a single ship moving directly toward us. The crew of the *Nicholas* went to battle stations. Up in the fire director, Richard Tanner FC3c of Pueblo, Colo., and Harold Rohr S1c of Elkins, W. Va., concentrated on the range finder and started calling the range. It was 18,000 yards and closing fast. The *Nicholas* picked up speed, leaving the rest of the ships behind. The whaleboat crew jumped into their boat and started spreading white sheets over the seats amidships.

Now the Jap ship was close at hand. She was a two-stacker destroyer flying a huge Jap flag on the after mast. The *Nicholas'* skipper barked an order and signalmen ran up a red-and-white flag. The Jap ship heaved to, rolling heavily in the swells. Her bottom looked as if it had a new coat of red paint. We could see her crew plainly —they wore green fatigues and high black boots. Carrier planes zoomed low across her decks.

The *Nicholas'* whaleboat moved over toward her, the American flag on her stern standing out sharply against the blue water. Coxswain Lloyd Blakeslee threw his tiller over and brought the boat smartly alongside the Jap. Bowman Leo Miles S1c of Homer, N. Y., passed up his new manila line and the Jap crew took it and held the boat alongside. Then things seemed to come to a halt. Officers and men in the whaleboat looked up at the Japs; Japs crowded the rail and looked down. The *Nicholas'* skipper got impatient. Over the bullhorn came a sharp, "What is the delay? Get 'em down in the boat!" That seemed to break the deadlock.

A whole mob of Japs emerged from the deckhouse and started crowding around the Jacob's Ladder and sliding down into the boat. In a moment Blakeslee had a full load and started back. He came alongside, and the first Jap emissaries climbed up aboard the *Nicholas* and saluted the officer of the deck, who led the party forward to the wardroom.

The emissaries were a mixed group. Two who seemed to have the highest rank took seats at the head of a table in the middle of the room; the rest sat down around them and on a leather couch against the wall. The Japs' faces seemed very alert and their eyes moved about the room looking at those of us who were inside with them and at the armed guards standing in the doorway. The two high-rankers wore gray-green palm-beach uniforms with gold *fourrageres* around their shoulders. One had three rows of fruit salad on his left breast; the other, two rows. At the left hip both wore long swords that dragged on the deck, and they both wore short, dagger-length pieces said to be known as "tanks." One was from the Yokosuka Naval Base and the other from the Tokyo Naval Department.

The commodore of the destroyer squadron came in and said, "Who is the interpreter?" Two or three stood up and the commodore said, "Please tell your party it will be necessary for them to be searched."

One interpreter said, "We do not have any concealed weapons."

The commodore said, "It will be necessary for you to remove your swords there, anyway."

It seemed as if most of the group understood what he was talking about for they all stood and unbuckled their swords and laid them in a heap in the center of the table and then sat down again. For a moment the atmosphere seemed slightly strained and then everybody pulled out cigarettes and started smoking furiously. Photographers climbed on chairs to take pictures and the young pilots and interpreters watched with keen interest. A bulb popped, at which everybody jumped and then laughed. One Jap seemed greatly impressed with a Silex coffee maker on the sideboard. He went over and examined it closely. Others found copies of *Life* magazine and opened them eagerly. The first thing one spotted was a two-page spread of the B-29 runway on Guam. The Jap stared at it, moving his lips as if counting the planes lined up on the runways in the picture. Another settled back to read with great concentration a war-bond message signed by Eisenhower, King and other chiefs of staff.

The whaleboat had now made four trips, bringing over a total of 13 pilots, two naval emissaries and six interpreters. Some of the interpreters were civilians. One was an oldish fellow wearing brown-linen trousers, an old coat and a Panama hat. Another was a young professor of ethics and philosophy from a college in Tokyo. He told me he had been a student at Columbia University in New York City in '39.

Meanwhile the *Nicholas* was picking up speed. The executive officer came in and told the interpreters to tell the group that we were going alongside the *Missouri* to transfer the naval emissaries. When this word was passed around several got up and peered out of the portholes. The *Missouri* and the *Iowa* were plainly visible less than a mile away. One of the Japs shook his head and smiled as if amazed. "Gee whiz!" he said. "They were new, yes?" I told him they were a year old and he shook his head again and went back to the porthole.

When we pulled alongside the "Big Moe" she looked like the Yankee Stadium on a summer Sunday afternoon. From the main deck to the mast look-out posts there was a solid mass of bluejackets and khaki uniforms. The vessel's main 16-inch batteries were trained around, aimed point-blank at Oshima, now only about 10 miles away. Two huge American flags flew from the foretruck and gaff. On the open part of the bridge structure, surrounded by sailors, was a familiar figure wearing a baseball cap and sun glasses. Halsey, too, was out to see the show.

The line was passed and over came a red chair fringed with white lace. Two Jap staff officers were brought out on deck. Sherman Meredith BM1c motioned to one of them. The Jap stepped forward and sat down bolt upright, a roll of harbor charts on his lap, a raincoat over one arm. The *Nicholas'* deck crew buckled him in. The boatswain's pipe shrilled and up he went into the air like a staid private citizen riding a ferris wheel—not too happy about it but determined to retain his dignity.

Suddenly a loud flurry of Japanese spouted from the *Nicholas'* bull horn. The Jap destroyer had nosed in for a closer look at the proceedings and the *Nicholas'* skipper had the Jap interpreter up on the bridge order her to shove off. She did so reluctantly.

A few minutes later orders were received to put the rest of the pilots and interpreters on the other destroyer for transfer to various ships of the task force. Then, with the *Missouri* in the lead, followed closely by the *Iowa* and *Duke of York* and a screen of cans and APDs, the advance portion of the Third Fleet steamed swiftly into Sagami Wan, the lower entrance to Tokyo Bay. The Japanese coastline, at first a mere blur on the horizon, changed rapidly into a high rugged hill and narrow beaches fringed with villages. A few minutes after 1330 hours the fleet heaved to and let go anchors. Off to port rose a huge bluish-gray mountain tipped with white. It looked vaguely familiar, as indeed it should have. It was Fujiyama.

—EVAN WYLIE CSp (PR)
YANK Staff Correspondent

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ANNA BERNI, 26: She doesn't want the Americans to leave "because there may be a terrible revolution after they go."

MARIA - LETIZIA CROSTAROSE, 24: "It's time they leave and time we return to our old life and do something for Italy."

MARIA LUISA GIORGI, 18: This Red Cross club waitress was disappointed in the GIs. "They didn't treat me as well as I thought they would," said Maria.

"HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE AMERICANS LEAVING ITALY?"

Six girls in Rome answer the question for photographers Pfc. Werner Wolff and Cpl. Charles James of YANK.

MARA LOPEZ, 24: This night club singer, spending a morning at the beach, will miss the GIs. "They're such likable boys. They all drive the cute little jeep."

MARISA CAROTENUTO, 22: A believer in the answer oblique, Marisa said: "Many people will be glad to see the Americans leave, especially people like our boy friends."

LUIGINA MARZIALE, 4: She wants the Americans to know she will miss them more than anybody else in Rome. "Niente Americani, niente caramelli," said Luigina, her little stomach weeping at the prospect.

This Is Vienna

GIs are popular with civilians, but the capital of Austria is a far cry today from its storied past of gaiety, love and song.

By Cpl. IRA H. FREEMAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

VIENNA—When advance elements of our occupation troops entered this sadly battered city, once famous as a gay capital of wine, women and song, people poured out into the great boulevards to greet us, not as conquerors but as their own heroes and friends.

"They climbed all over our jeeps and trucks," GIs in that first convoy said. "They hugged us and girls kissed us, just as in Rome and Paris. Whenever we stopped a crowd immediately gathered around each man to welcome him. They would tell you how glad they were to see you, how much they loved America, and how they had always hated Nazis."

The Viennese couldn't shower the GIs with wine, flowers and fruit, as the French did, because the city is out of almost everything. But *fraulein* gave the Americans what they could.

"I never saw anything like it," said a sergeant who had been among those men selected from the de-activated 15th Army Group Headquarters to make up the new United States Forces for Austria. "There's none of that *quanto costa* stuff we had in Italy. These Austrian girls are nice to you out of friendliness. You take them to a cafe to buy them a cup of tea or lemonade and they're happy. If, after you take them home, you like to give them a bar of candy, cake of soap or cigarettes, why, you're a big-time Joe."

Naturally, Americans are taking advantage of their popularity with the natives. But they are a bit wary of this enthusiastic welcome. Of the city's prewar population of 2,000,000, Nazi party membership is said to have totaled 700,000. "Some of them cheered Hitler like this when he marched into Vienna in 1938," a headquarters clerk, previously with the 91st Division, pointed out.

Above all, the Viennese would like us to take over from the Russians, who won the city three months ago. This is part of an open conspiracy among Viennese, particularly the middle and upper classes, to emphasize to American troops that we have "liberated" the city. About the time of the British-French-American entry into Vienna, Russian and American commands were swapping some occupation territory on both banks of the Danube, and the Viennese were disappointed to learn that their city—which they regard even now, as in the past centuries, as a great bulwark of Western Christian culture against infidel barbarians from the East—wasn't in the exchange. They are downcast when our soldiers tell them that, apart from a small slice administered by the French, Vienna has been divided into approximately equal thirds among the Big Three.

It is not impossible that there was some private looting—similar to GI "liberating"—during the first day or two after the Russian seizure of Vienna, for Red Army patrols searched every house, room by room, for enemy soldiers and Nazis.

In any case, the Russian command soon ended the searches and the Red Army has been supplying food for the Austrian population since. Now, far from robbing the Viennese, the Soviet soldiers are buying what they need, and paying probably the most extravagant prices paid in any country in Europe except Greece.

IN the *Karlsplatz* near the Opera House there is a bustling black market. Every day several thousand Viennese can be seen milling about the big square, offering their personal possessions for sale to Russian soldiers and Russian Wacs. The market is illegal, but local Austrian police and Red Army MPs seem to look the other way.

Any article small enough to be carried in the pocket or a shopping bag is likely to change hands. The Russians pay $250 to $800 for a wrist watch, $20 for a cigarette lighter, $30 for a fountain pen, $1,500 for a Leica camera. They buy up cheap jewelry, pen-knives, handkerchiefs, sun glasses. Russian girls go for cotton underwear and stockings, also cloth by the yard.

Some of our guys found a windfall in *Tovarich*,

Clearing the wreckage from the streets is a slow job. There is not enough transport to haul it all away.

Vienna was poor before the war, but now it is far poorer. Women must hunt for usable junk in the gutters.

too, when we entered Vienna. Many of the Russians in town had just been paid off after five years of missing pay days, so their wads of money were so much lettuce to them.

"They jumped all over us," one GI said, "begging us to sell them our watches, cigarette cases, flashlights, anything we had. They dumped hundreds of dollars on us. One Russian ran up to one of our fellows yelling, 'Hey, *Kamerad*,' and forced $300 on him just for nothing."

Our GIs get on okay with the Russkis despite the language barrier. The Red Army soldiers are eager to make friends and often stop us to talk in broken German or sign language. Russian is so difficult that few GIs get beyond *zdrastvuitie* (good day) in that tongue. Red Army men salute our soldiers regardless of grade; apparently they've been briefed, as we were, on this courtesy. The appearance of Soviet troops in Vienna is smarter than that of their units out in the country. Every Russian in the city always goes about armed, while only our sentries and vehicle drivers carry guns.

WHEN our troops entered Vienna they saw that one of the most beautiful cities in the world had been shattered by 22,000 tons of bombs which our planes had dropped on it, by street fighting in which Red Army men captured the place in April, and by fires the *SS* set in retreating.

Of the few people on the street, most were women and old men; the prewar population of 2,000,000 had been much reduced. Most of the buildings had been hit, but the people were still living in the usable parts of the wrecked structures. The wide streets were lined with rubble piles and the only traffic was military.

The scene of the most terrible desolation is the *Prater*, famous amusement and sports park, where *SS* troops made a last-stand defense for the city against the Russians who forced crossings of the Danube. There is scarcely one stone left on another in the *biergarten*, carousels and dance halls. A blackened and twisted ferris wheel rears starkly over the ruins like a fantastic war memento. In this and all the other parks and squares in Vienna today are the graves of Red Army men killed in the battle for the city, mounds topped not by crosses but by Soviet stars carved in wood or chiseled in marble. A huge bronze-and-marble monument to the Red Army is going up in *Schwarzenberg Garten;* it looks mighty permanent.

Our men found no souvenirs to buy. In any case, the command forbade all troops to purchase anything except drinks—and there were scarcely any drinks. Outside of the black market there is little business of any kind in Vienna today. On boarded-up shop fronts are pinned handwritten notices of things people want to barter. Only a few shops are open, and those only for perhaps three days a week.

The Viennese have been undernourished for years, and they look it. Now they are close to starvation. The shelves of butcher shops and bakeries are empty. Delicatessens may have only a few bags of ersatz coffee. Full daily rations for a worker are 10½ ounces of bread, 1¼ ounces of meat, ¼ ounce of cooking oil, 2 ounces of beans and 1 ounce of sugar. Non-workers get even less.

The schools have been shut for at least a month because of malnutrition and disease among the pupils. Viennese get an average of 900 calories contrasted with the 2,000 required daily for health. The reasons for the food shortage are lack of transportation to bring the food in from the country, damage to agriculture by the fighting, and military requisitions. The lack of transport is so acute that some people hike 20 miles into the country once a week to buy potatoes and vegetables from farmers. Added to the shortage of food and transport is a lack of coal, which also means no cooking gas. So every day in the beautiful Vienna woods, celebrated in Strauss waltzes, thousands of aged people are collecting wood for stoves and painfully trudging the miles back home with towering loads on their backs. People also may be seen rummaging through rubbish piles in the streets for useful junk.

On empty stomachs the Viennese are trying to carry on their traditional gay night life. Although Special Services produced nothing in the first few weeks and the Red Cross had not even appeared, there was some entertainment for a few of the first American troops to reach here.

ON a representative week day there are now 53 movies (Russian, old American and German films, with German sound tracks and titles), 16 plays and musical shows, 3 cabarets, one opera and one concert running in the city. Admission prices are reasonable, and even though every place is always sold out, proprietors will always make room for one of their favorite soldiers.

The Cafe Victoria on *Schottenring*, not far from the headquarters-company billet and a typical Vienna coffee house of today, became a favorite GI hangout right away. The clientele is quite cosmopolitan. In one hour there you meet not only American, British and Russian soldiers but Czechs, Yugoslavs, Poles, Greeks and Dutch civilians, in addition to the Viennese. All the foreign civilians there are displaced persons of some kind, awaiting shipment home. The place is full of people sitting at small tables. Admission is five *schillings*, or about 50 cents. Corny vaudeville goes on first for about an hour and a half—singers and dancers and native comedians GIs can't understand.

Then the older folk in the audience leave, and the remaining customers take over for dancing. The floor is so jam-packed with couples that it is impossible to do much more than wiggle in rhythm. The air is as hot and smoky as any jive joint in Chicago or Memphis.

AND the music is almost as groovy as American jazz, although it's funny to hear hot licks sung in German. "St. Louis Blues" gets the crowd jumping, and everybody joins in "Hold that tiger!" Our GIs wonder what's become of the "Blue Danube" and "Merry Widow" waltzes. In their first weeks in Vienna they heard plenty of American jazz, but never *Wienerwalzer*.

About the Viennese *frauleins* there are two schools of GI thought. Some prefer them to Italian girls because "they keep themselves cleaner, are better dressed and can speak English," while others say there are more pretty chicks in Italy and the *signorina* is a hotter number, too. The typical Viennese girl is fair skinned and blonde. She looks a little worn, and a scarcity of make-up doesn't help. Lipstick or even face powder on the girls is a rare sight.

Regulations allow American troops to fraternize only in public places, which means you can't go home with a girl. But during the first few weeks there were scarcely any of our MPs in town, so nobody knew the difference.

All the cafes and theaters close in the shank of the evening, 8:30 Vienna time or 10:30 Allied time, which is curfew for civilians. Military personnel may stay out until midnight our time. So far every place is on limits to everybody. Enlisted men are free to go anywhere in the city without a pass whenever they're not on duty.

During the first weeks we were in Vienna there wasn't much else to do except hang around the cafes and date *frauleins*. The Army took over a fine swimming pool in Bad Neuwaldegg in the hills a short way out of town, but August is the rainy season and you can't swim every day. The Army also plans to have some night clubs later, like those in Rome. Vienna after dark isn't romantic today. The rubbled streets are dim and deserted, and our men are cautioned against wandering about at night. The air is not filled as formerly with the melodies of Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, Beethoven and Lehar. From the Russian billet you may hear an accordion playing—of all things—"Beer Barrel Polka."

The nineteenth-century *Rathaus*, or town hall, was hardly damaged.

This is one of the surviving cafes, once the centers of Viennese culture.

ATTLEE

Something about England's new Prime Minister and the Labor Party he belongs to.

By Cpl. JAMES DUGAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

LONDON—The man who was Winston Churchill's deputy, the man who didn't know he was going to be Prime Minister, was speaking at the election rally in his constituency, the Limehouse Division of Stepney, London.

The meeting was held at Trinity Church Hall, the only large hall left in the Limehouse after the blitz and V-bombs. Shreds of VE-Day decorations still hung from the rafters. The crowd of poorly-dressed working people—dock hands, seamen, busmen, housewives—listened, undisturbed by the shunt-engines and suburban trains hurrying through the Limehouse slums on the Great Eastern Railway Line just behind the church.

The speech was unexciting. Elsewhere crowds were cheering or heckling Winston Churchill, but here, in Limehouse, people came out and listened respectfully to Clem Attlee, their Member of Parliament since 1922.

The speaker was a man of middle height with a long, bald head and black mustache. He had spoken eight times that day but he relaxed with his own people. They responded to the familiar chords in his extemporaneous speech—the need of people for houses, the bettering of living conditions in the gruesome Limehouse slums, friendship with Russia and the U. S., employment and prosperity after the war.

Clem Attlee had been fighting the cause of Limehouse since 1918, when he came back from the war as an Infantry major. Clem Attlee commanded the landing party of the South Lancashire Yeomen in 1916 at Suvla Bay, where Winston Churchill authored his first amphibious landing on the tragic beaches of Gallipoli. In the relief of Kut, in the Mesopotamian campaign, Maj. Attlee was severely wounded. When he recovered he went to France. He served there in the newly-formed Tank Corps.

The voice of the speaker on this June evening in Limehouse was thin. He did not saw the air with his arms or beat out his sentences in a bewitching cadence. He walked around a little and made some mild, sarcastic jokes about Lord Beaverbrook, "the Svengali of the Tory Campaign," but mostly he talked about issues. Since the last war, Limehouse had wanted what he was talking about. Now another war was over, and the people still had their patient hunger for words to come true.

There were people in the room who remembered Clem Attlee being elected Mayor of Stepney in 1919. They had heard the dry, friendly, factual voice talking at Toynbee Hall, a famous East End settlement house before the last war. Like Harry Hopkins, Attlee had once been a social worker.

Clem Attlee had believed in Socialism since 1907, when he was working as a young lawyer on the Poor Law Reform with Sidney and Beatrice Webb, famous Fabian Socialists. As a law student he believed in imperialism and tariff reform. The influence of the Webbs turned him to the mild, evolutionary socialist theories of the Fabians, of which Bernard Shaw was also a prominent advocate. Attlee practiced law for only three years. At the outbreak of war in 1914 he was a lecturer in social sciences at the London School of Economics.

AFTER Attlee concluded his sober, friendly speech at Trinity Hall, Mrs. Attlee drove him away in a midget car. His audience walked home through the neglected churchyard with its sooty trees stunted by railroad smoke and stripped of leaves by flying-bomb blasts. One contented elector said to his wife, "Nice, quiet meeting."

That "nice, quiet meeting" and thousands like it throughout the United Kingdom resulted in a political explosion that shook the world and put the quiet man of Limehouse and a Labor government in power for the first time in British history. The party had been in office twice before, but never with a majority.

Clement Richard Attlee first entered the House of Commons in the 1924 election that gave Britain her original Labor Government, in which he served as Undersecretary for War. The platform he supported that year was very much like the one he outlined to his Limehouse voters in 1945. It called for the support of the League of Nations. (Merely substitute "United Nations.") It called for independence for India and nationalization of the mines and railways. And it called for a national housing scheme. The people of Limehouse thought houses were a good idea in 1924 and they still think so in 1945.

THE 1924 platform advocated a capital levy on fortunes exceeding $20,000, but this change was not attempted when Labor got in, and it was not listed in the 1945 appeal. Two of the 1924 planks have since been realized — independence for Egypt and recognition of the Irish Free State. Little else has changed. The great explosion of 1945 came from a delayed-action charge, which had been quietly accumulating sticks of political dynamite since the last war. The electorate remembered many things.

Attlee himself typifies many of the popular causes which were lost during the years of Conservative rule. In 1927 he was appointed minority member of the Simon committee which went to India to report on conditions there. Attlee has remained an advocate of Indian self-government ever since.

In 1929 the second Labor Government was elected under Prime Minister Ramsey MacDonald with a squeak majority of 288 seats to 260 for the Conservatives. In 1931 Attlee, who was then serving as Postmaster General, warned against Japanese preparations for assault on Manchuria. He came into open conflict with Prime Minister MacDonald, whom he accused of diverting attention from the aggressive plans of Japan.

In 1931 the consequences of the MacDonald fiasco were a defeat of Labor by a bigger majority than Labor won in 1945. The Tories gained 470 seats to a mere 52 for Attlee's party. Attlee was among the Labor handful elected and he was obliged to sit in a House led by Ramsay MacDonald, whose reward from the winners was the post of Prime Minister of the Conservative-controlled coalition.

While Mussolini was warring with Ethiopia in 1935, Attlee was urging the British Government to apply sanctions against the Italian Fascists. The Government, however, encouraged Mussolini by means of the Hoare-Laval agreement, which endorsed his conquest. Attlee introduced a motion in Commons in December 1935, condemning the Hoare-Laval plan as calculated to "reward the declared aggressor at the expense of the victim, destroy collective security and conflict . . . with the Covenant of the League of Nations." The resolution was defeated by 397 votes to 165, but the resulting public outcry caused the Government to withdraw the Hoare-Laval deal. The Laval of this agreement was none other than Pierre himself, the French politician who betrayed his country.

In 1937 Attlee vigorously opposed the "non-interventionist" policy toward Republican Spain. He said that the supposedly fair policy of forbidding the sale of British and French arms to either side—either to the government or to the rebel Franco—was denying the legally elected Spanish Government weapons it needed to defend itself against Hitler and Mussolini's war machine. He visited the front in Spain that year. British and American volunteers who were fighting in the International Brigade of the Republican Army named one of their ill-armed units "the Major Attlee Company."

Most of the questions Attlee opposed as minority leader were not hypothetical ones. There were deep party differences as Britain skidded down the last half of this century's third decade on its way to war. Attlee was the most important Labor figure in the attempts to get the British Government to crack down on Fascist dictators. He spoke against the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the invasion of Austria and the Japanese inroads in China.

In May 1940 the Munich Cabinet fell under the ominous threat of an immediate Nazi victory. A general election was due that year—the Tories had ended their constitutional five years of power—but no election was held due to the military crisis. Churchill, and later Eden, the Tory critics of appeasement, came into power. Two of Labor's strong men, Herbert Morrison and Ernest Bevin, were invited into the coalition Cabinet. Clem Attlee came into the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal and Churchill appointed him Deputy Prime Minister. Churchill meant to insure that the leader of the opposition had a voice in the war decisions of a true unity Cabinet.

But an important change did not take place. The same majority that had supported Munich remained seated on the red leather benches of the House. Governmental power passed from the House to the bold man at 10 Downing Street. People remembered this when the 10 years were up. They did not repudiate Churchill; they repudiated a party which Churchill himself had opposed in 1939, and for the same reasons — they did not think it fit to run the country's affairs.

IN the Churchill Cabinet, Attlee, as Deputy Prime Minister and as Secretary of State for the Dominions, an additional portfolio he was given in 1942, relieved Churchill of departmental detail which would have distracted the Prime Minister from running the British military effort.

While Attlee stayed home as Acting Prime Minister, Churchill made more than a dozen trips abroad in five years —an aggregate absence from 10 Downing Street of eight months. On Aug. 14, 1941, Attlee broadcast the eight points of the Atlantic Charter while Churchill and Roosevelt were still at sea on the cruiser *Augusta*. Three times Attlee gave war reports to Parliament in Churchill's absence. In September 1943 he was made Lord President of Council.

Attlee did not make headlines. In the more than 2,000 days of war his name was in the top headlines of London papers only a dozen or so times. There was no reason why Attlee should have rivalled Churchill in newsprint acreage. Churchill was the desirable legend, the fighting captain; Attlee was the quiet executive who saw that decisions were carried out. It was a smooth-working team.

Attlee's personal life is the ultimate in normality. He has four children. The eldest, Janet, 22, is a section officer in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Felicity, 19, is training as a nurse. Martin, 17, is an apprentice in the Merchant Navy. Alison, 15, is at school. Mrs. Attlee keeps house, like Bess Truman. Until recently she had no help. She spent long hours in food queues, like other Brit-

ish housewives. The dark, slender Attlees have uniform, prim good looks.

They live in a small villa in Stanmore, a humdrum London suburb, where they keep chickens and a half-blind airedale. The modest homes in this community are the storied "Englishman's castles," idealized and given names like "Bon Repos" and "The Hollyhocks." The Attlee's front gate bears the name "Heywood."

THE housing plan of the new Labor Government is to provide thousands of new "Heywoods" for the British people, who are "ill-housed" on a scale that makes the late Franklin D. Roosevelt's 1936 plank on housing seem like a frivolity. The Englishman's castle has been crumbling since before the last war; bombing and deterioration of property have lowered home life to a desperate state. This was the biggest issue of the 1945 election. The Conservatives allowed the Laborites to talk housing while they were yelling about the dark plots of Professor Laski, an academic gentleman whom the people did not confuse with a roof over their heads. At the last minute Mr. Churchill talked housing—to be built by private enterprise—but it made no difference.

Attlee was born in Putney, London, in 1883, in the sheltered Victorian home of a Conservative solicitor. In the English legal system a solicitor is a lawyer's business manager. The solicitor solicits and sets up the case; the barrister pleads.

Attlee's upbringing was staunchly Conservative. He attended Haileybury College, a public school, comprising what in the American school system is the first grade to the end of junior-high school. The English "public school" is not a public school in our sense, but a private tuition school. Haileybury is an Anglo-Indian school. There as a boy Attlee became acquainted with the Indian independence movement. He left Haileybury for University College, one of the 21 colleges of Oxford University.

Politically, Attlee is not a strong man in the Churchill sense. Churchill was a one-man party, with only Anthony Eden as a comparable figure. Because the party Churchill had embraced was without popular support it fell with a deafening crash. To understand the mild Clem Attlee, on the other hand, the make-up of 413 MPs pledged to support his Government must be studied. The strength of the new Government is not so much in the leader as it is in the Parliamentary Labor Party. Clem Attlee is a party man.

The House has been altered drastically in composition. There are 345 brand-new M.P.s. The number of members who come from laboring backgrounds and from the lower middle class has risen to over half the membership total of 640. There are 180 servicemen in the new House, 126 of them Laborites. They range from Army privates to lieutenant generals. Most of them saw active service in this war.

There are trade-union members and journalists and teachers and railroad men and farmers and lawyers and doctors in the new Parliament. In the representative body of what Napoleon called "a nation of shopkeepers" there are only two booksellers, one butcher, one druggist, one pawnbroker and one optician to stand for the middleman. There are 24 women. And the new House is a legislature of young people; the average age of all the Labor members is 43.

Posing with cheering voters, Clement Attlee and Mrs. Attlee smile happily after the recent Labor victory which made him Prime Minister.

THIS House and Cabinet represent a shift in power from the executive to the legislative. If Clement Richard Attlee becomes one of Britain's great Prime Ministers it will be because he best administers the will of the new Commons, and not because of any breath-catching deeds of his own. All of his career heretofore has been as an executive, carrying out the policies of the Labor Party. If the Labor Government wants to go places, Attlee is an ideal administrator.

Labor's long-range objectives are encompassed in a five-year plan, which is not comparable in size or scope with the first or second five-year plans Russia began in 1928. Sir Stafford Cripps, newly appointed to the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, defined the plan as "the orderly development of the country's resources, bringing some few of the more important industries and services under national ownership while retaining a system of planned and controlled private enterprise for the rest."

The main reform plans of the Attlee Government are the nationalization of coal and the construction of government housing. Housing is first on the list. During the war no repair to a premise was permitted costing more than $40. The building industry was completely converted to war needs. Now the industry must be remobilized on a nationwide scale to get houses built. The main problems are manpower and acquisition of building materials and land. Building-trades workers must be discharged from the forces, and a centralized authority set up to lead the housing drive. Britain is not a home-owning nation like ours. The Englishman's castle is a rented one.

PUBLIC ownership and modernization of coal mining have been vital issues in Britain for 40 years. The Conservative Governments have resisted attempts at nationalization. During the war young men were drafted into the mines in an effort to keep up production. These apprentices, called "Bevin boys" after Laborite Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labor in the Churchill Cabinet, were a rebellious lot. Most of them had had their hearts set on flying bombers rather than crawling through underground burrows, choking with coal dust. In justice to them, it should be said that the mining methods were so antiquated and dangerous that there was no attraction for a young man to make a career of mining.

The Labor Government will probably move quickly on nationalizing coal. A committee of miners, trade-unionists and M.P.s is now drawing up a public-ownership bill. Emmanuel Shinwell, formerly a hard-hitting Labor M.P., is Minister of Fuel and Power, and will have the job of solving the coal problem. There promises to be an acute shortage this winter of houses and coal. The Government will have to act briskly and show results before the cold weather.

Public ownership of railroads is not an immediate issue, and the nationalizing of the Bank of England is little more than a simple technicality. Instead of the Governor of the Bank running the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chancellor will run him. The object of the new Government is to acquire financial control no more drastic than the power the U. S. Government has over banking and investment.

In the field of foreign relations the new Government will be inclined to participate in the world security organization with just as much ardor as the Churchill regime, if not more. The Labor Government seeks the strongest ties with the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. American fears that Britain has gone "red" are groundless. The best proof of this is that the Labor victory aroused great enthusiasm in the right and center democratic circles in Europe, where it was said, "Thank God, now Europe has a left-wing rival for Communism."

THE election results were happily received in India. L. C. M. S. Amery, veteran Secretary of State for India, was defeated in his own constituency, which pleased His Majesty's Indian subjects. Attlee and his Cabinet ministers have long been advocates of Indian self-government. Paradoxically enough, Labor's victory would seem to strengthen the bonds of the Empire. Both the Australian and the New Zealand Labor Governments are expected to be closer to Labor home rule than to a Conservative rule.

The Canadian Liberal Government, with the radical parties of western prairie Canada, welcomed the change. President DeValera of Eire wasn't happy about it, taking the view that he'd rather thumb his nose at a Conservative Government in Britain.

Soviet Russia showed a spectacular disinterest in the results. Nobody in the land of Communism took it as a victory for their cause, although Labor is pledged to stronger friendship with the Soviet Union. The loudest anti-Russian M.P.s were knocked out of the House and dozens of long-time friends of the U. S. S. R. were put in.

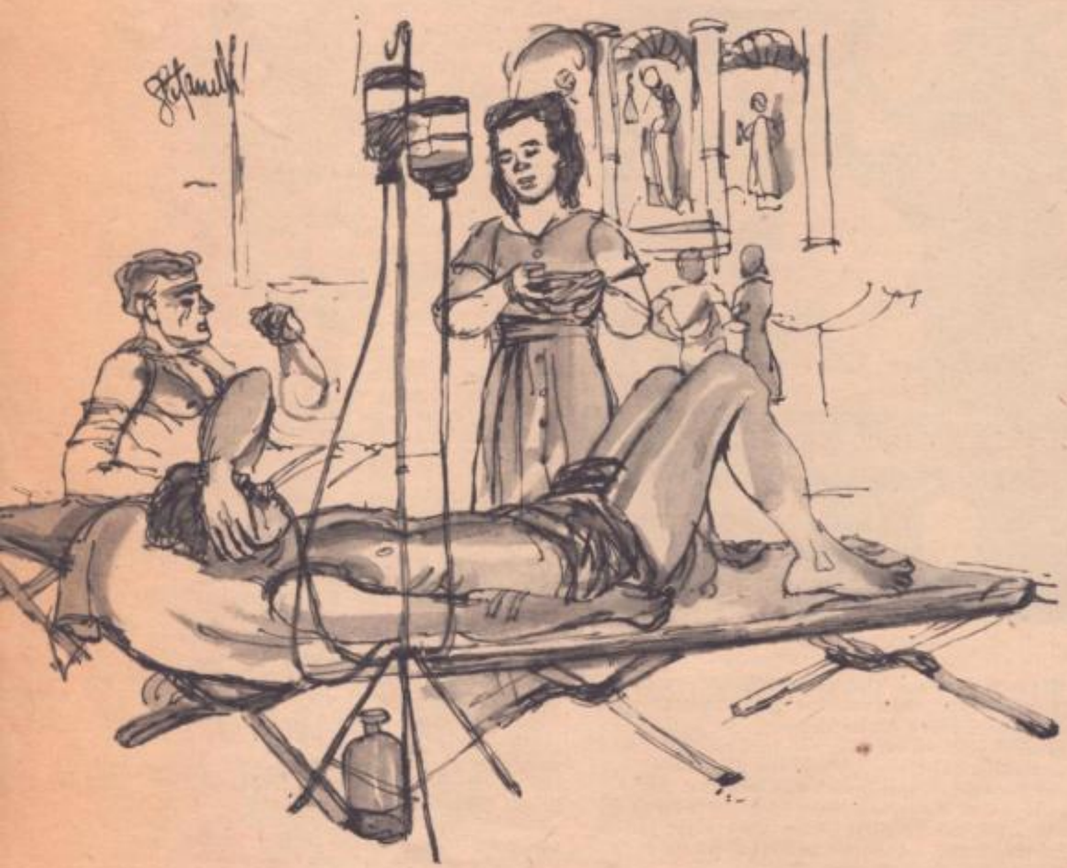
Nobody was more surprised at the explosive 1945 election than the winners. Whatever success the Labor Government may have in reconstructing Britain, there is no doubt that the people are behind it.

NEW GUINEA

The jump-off to the Philippines came as a climax to two years of fighting jungles as well as Japs. This typical scene is of an orderly room of an amphibian engineer unit along the long line of advance up the coast. GIs looked forward to the Philippines as a chance to see some civilization.

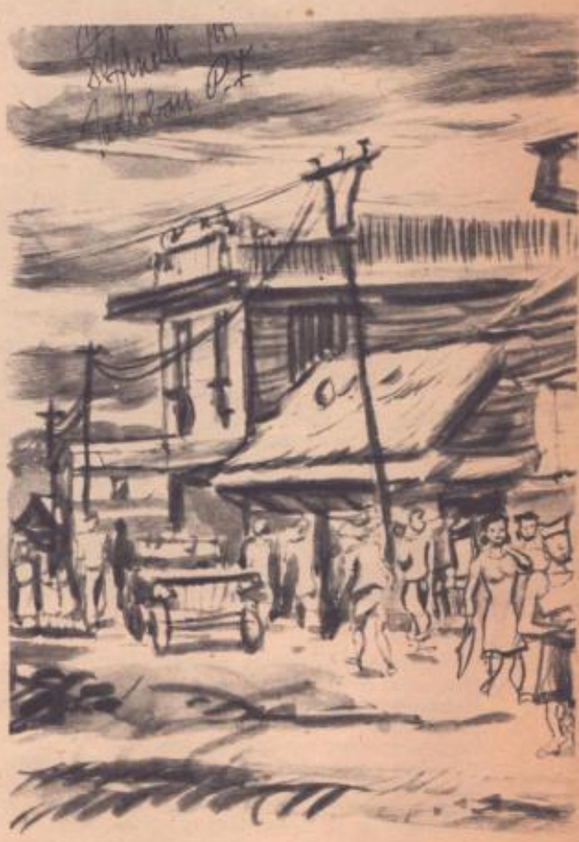
HOLLANDIA

With General Headquarters set up at this Dutch New Guinea base and much of the staging taking place here, activity was fev-



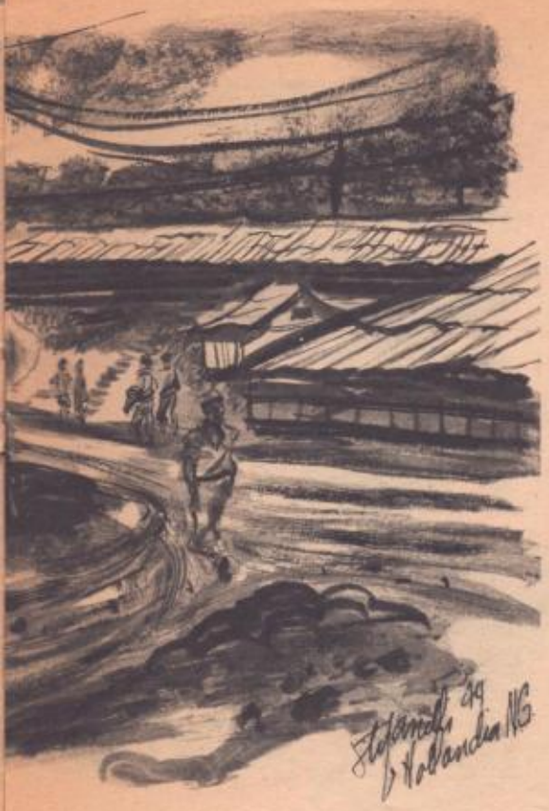
LEYTE

Under air and naval bombardment, the landing was made against light opposition, but fighting increased as troops pushed inland. In field hospitals set up in places like this Catholic church in Palo, Filamerican girls pitched in to aid our wounded. Here one feeds a GI through a tube.



TACLOBAN

This provincial capital of Leyte was the first major objective captured in the Philippines fighting. Its docks, capable of taking three



Philippine Campaign

WHEN Corregidor surrendered to the Japanese on May 6, 1942, more than 40 years of preparation for Filipino independence had been undone within a few weeks.

The road back was a long one. It started several months later in the jungles of Guadalcanal and New Guinea, and on the waters of the Coral Sea. It was slow going at first: yard-by-yard jungle fighting, with never enough men or supplies and never enough support. Later, as we began to feel our strength, it went ahead more swiftly: leapfrog jumps that brought us hundreds of miles closer to our goal.

It went on up through the Solomons and along the coast of New Guinea and New Britain and the Admiralties. And it came out from the Central Pacific too—out through the Gilberts and the Marshalls. And then, picking up speed, it swept on to the Marianas, and up out of New Guinea to the Moluccas.

On October 20, 1944, our combined might smashed into the Philippines, two years and almost six months after we had gone down to defeat in those islands.

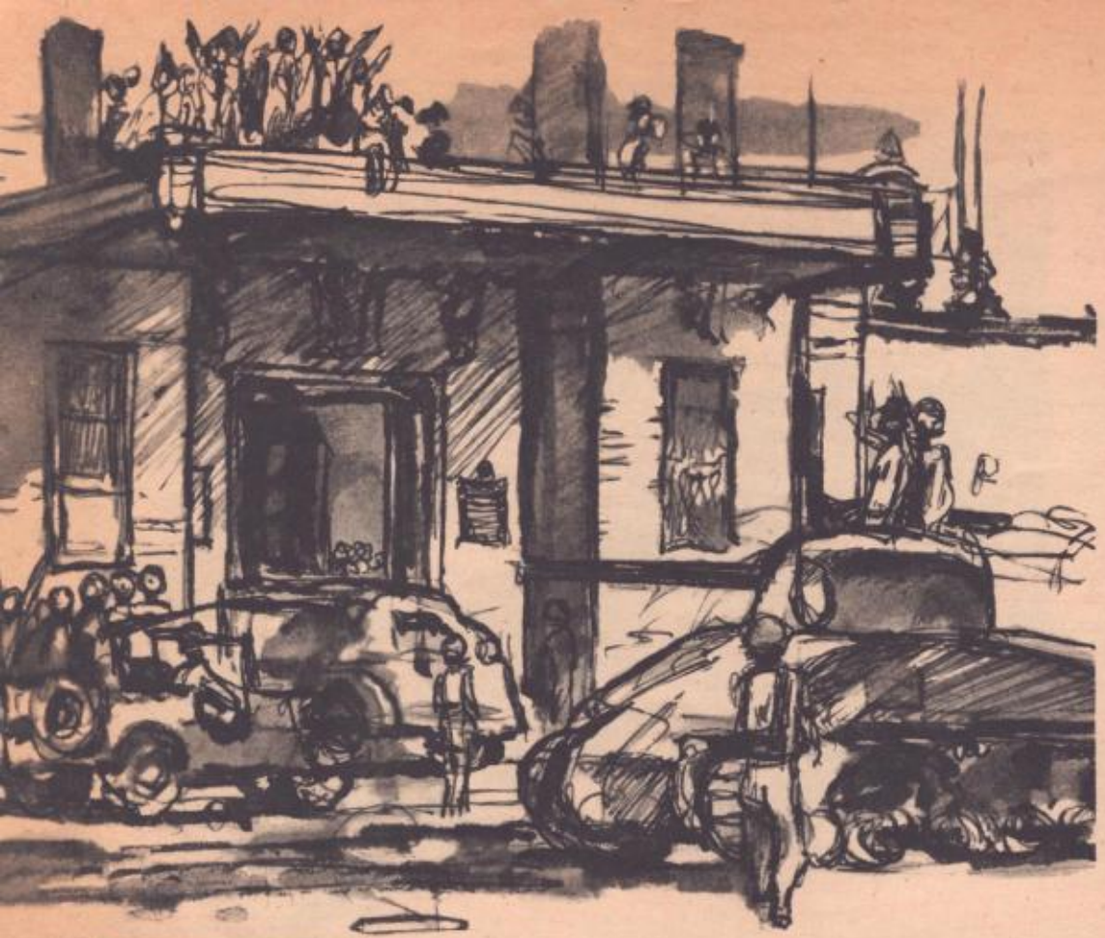
Sgt. Joseph Stefanelli was an amphibian engineer in New Guinea before joining YANK as a combat artist. His sketches record the Philippine campaign from beginning to end.

erish around Hollandia during the preparation for the Philippines landing. This peaceful headquarters scene shows the network of wires in the area.

LUZON

Liberty ships at a time, made it a valuable supply base for the Leyte campaign. For over a month it was an almost constant target for Japanese air raids.

The landing at Lingayen Gulf was uneventful but wet. Among other things that made an "underwater" landing was Sgt. Stefanelli's sketch pad. Once ashore, troops drove swiftly south toward Manila. The drive developed into a "race" between the 37th Infantry and 1st Cavalry Divisions.



SANTO TOMAS

A flying column of the 1st Cavalry outdistanced the foot-slogging 37th Infantrymen and smashed into Manila to liberate internees at the Santo Tomas University. This is the entrance to the main study building at the university, as starved internees cheer the GIs who had liberated them.

MANILA

A 105 howitzer in action during the shelling of Intramuros, the old "walled city" section of Manila, where the Japs made their final

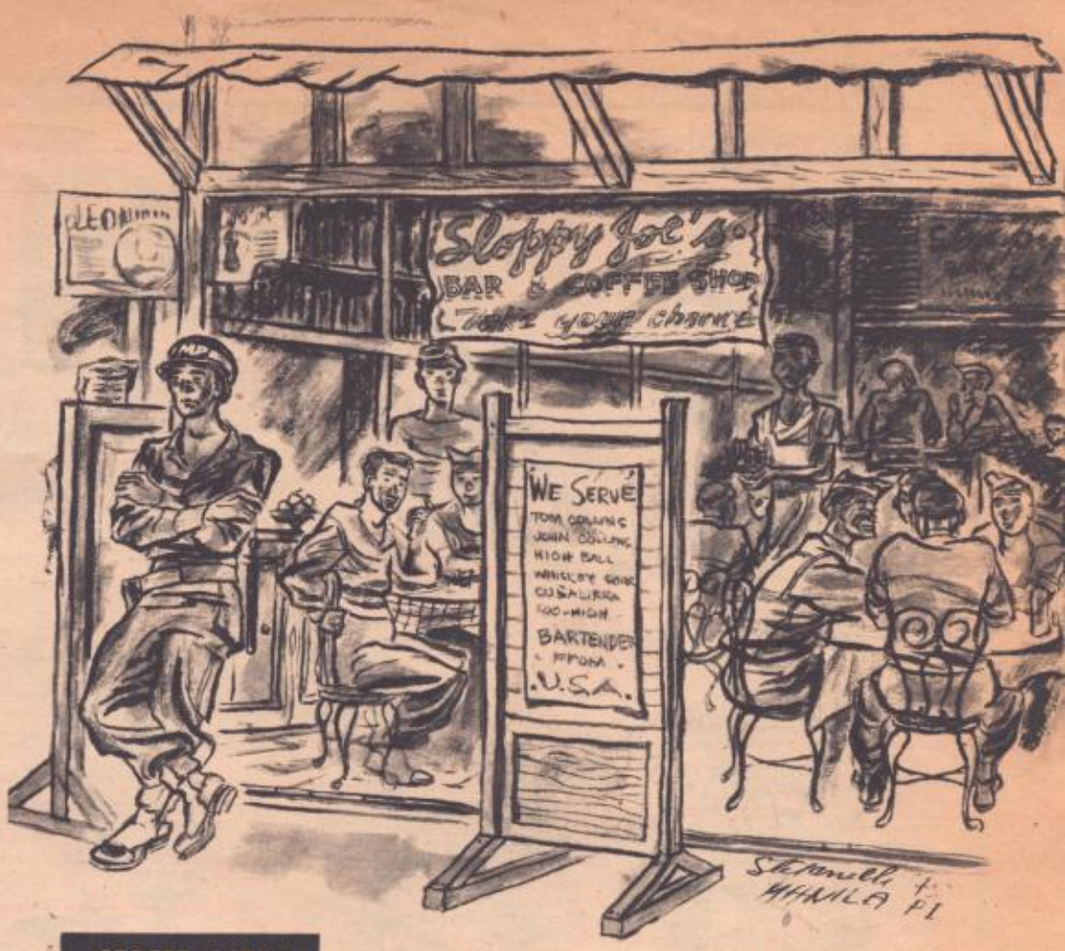
SUPPLIES

Victory ship being unloaded at the docks in Manila. Between bombings by our Navy and Army and demolitions carried out by the Japs, clearing the harbor represented one of the greatest salvage operations in history. Use of the harbor was vital in building supplies for the push on Japan.

LUZON

In the mountains beyond Manila, the Japs put up a stubborn fight around Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines. In this

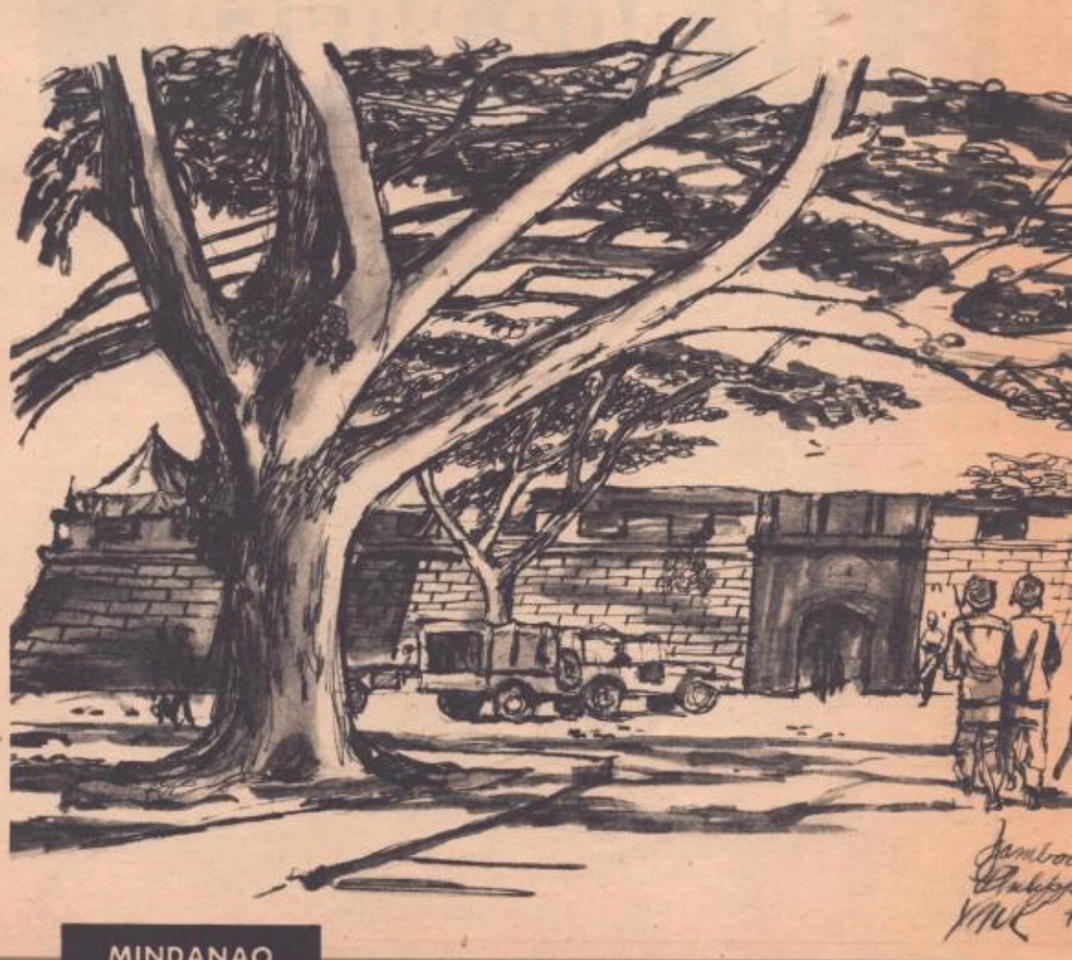
stand. Thick concrete walls, built in the days of the Spaniards, made it hard to dislodge the Japs from their stronghold, but they were blasted out.



STREET SCENE

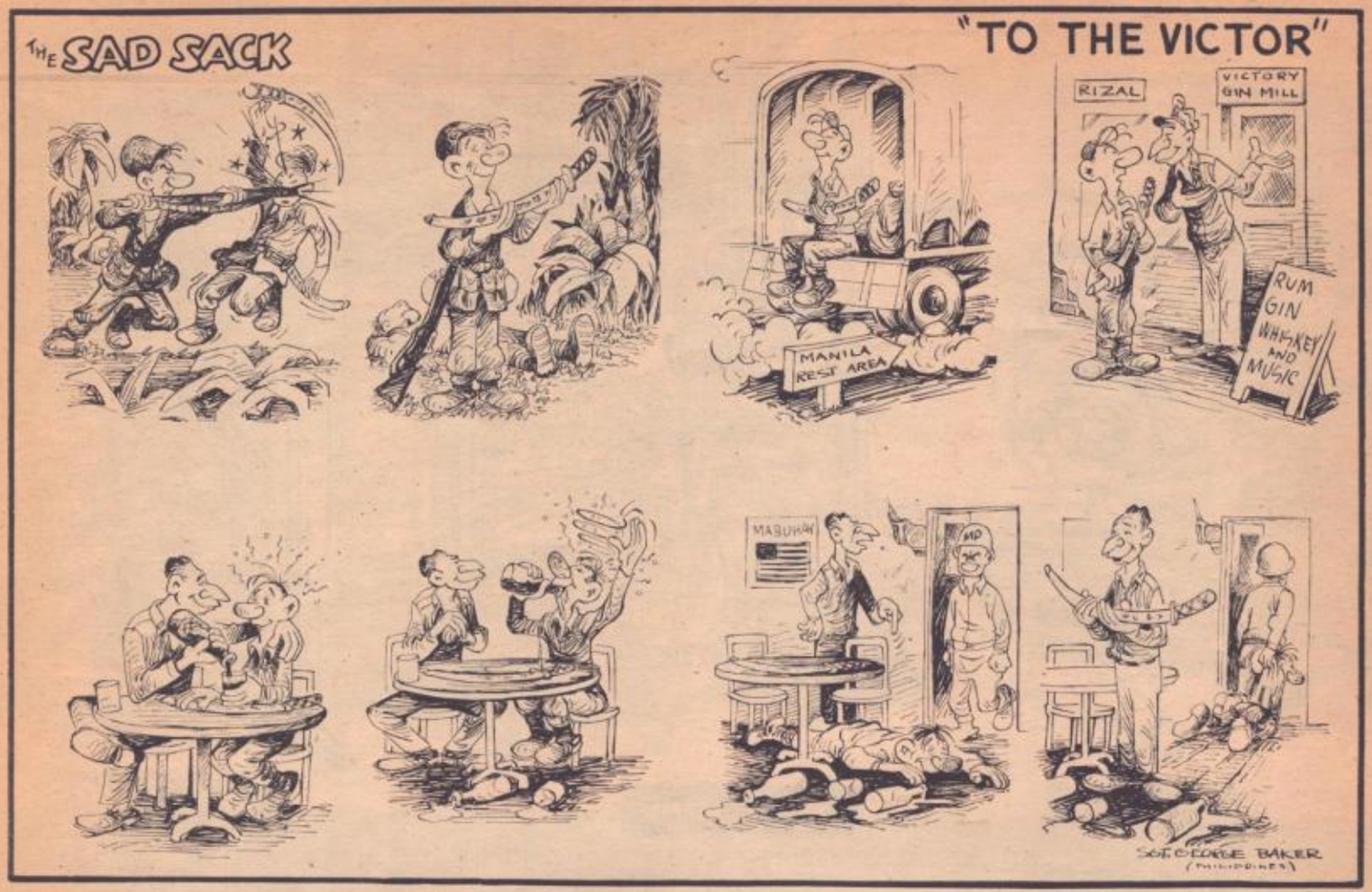
"Sloppy Joe's" was one of many similar cafes which sprang up quickly along Rizal Ave., Manila's main drag. That "bartender from U. S. A." was not unusual; half the population of Manila seems to have lived in Cincinnati or New Jersey. The liquor was bad and the VD rate high.

sketch made near Trinidad, north of Baguio, tanks advance along the narrow-winding mountain trails, while Infantrymen push on past the tank column.



MINDANAO

When GIs took Zamboanga on Mindanao, they found this old fort that had been built by the Spaniards in 1734 as a protection against the Moros. The liberation of the Philippines gave us a base to hit Japan and cut off the enemy from their badly needed raw materials in the East Indies.



MY DOG ROVER

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

THE ALEUTIANS—Recently *Look* magazine ran a full-page ad showing an enlarged V-mail letter which started off with, "Dear Master Sergeant, I'm sending you this by V-mail so you'll be sure to get it—and get it in a hurry! Oh, Master, wouldn't it be wonderful if a dog like me could fly to you as fast as this V-mail does?"

The letter then went on to outline the virtues of V-mail and a certain brand of dog food. It closed with, "Good hunting to you, Master! (Wet kisses.) Spotter."

Of course *Look* can do as it likes with its pages, but this sort of thing is really too fantastic. No self-respecting dog would write a letter like that. If my dog Rover ever stooped so low I'd request his induction into the K-9 Corps. Which reminds me, I got a letter from Rover only yesterday, just a short newsy note, nothing personal. Here, let me read it to you:

"Dear Dunk: Pardon this V-mail, old man, but it's the only thing in the house right now, and I'm certainly not going out on a night like this just to save you a little eyestrain.

"Everything here is about the same. You remember Lassie, the snooty collie? Well, she's just had a litter which bears a strong resemblance to that cute little cocker-spaniel pup. Pup, hell! Personally, I haven't been doing so well. Couple of weeks ago I was calling on three dogs, now they're all giving me the cold nose. It's sure hard to tell what's on a bitch's mind.

"I was out to camp the other day. Now don't blow your top—I don't spend much time out there. I know it's a low class of dog that hangs around Army camps all the time, and I hate the ones who pretend they do it 'to keep up the boys' morale.' When they give me that business I excuse myself with some remark like, 'I just remembered a bone I hid in '37.'

"Anyhow, I was fooling around camp, begging for bones at the line where the soldiers clean their trays, when this big guy with all the stripes whistled at me. I never saw the dope before in my life, but he had something to eat in his hand, and you know me. It turned out to be a Vienna sausage; fortunately I discovered it just in time to rake his fingers with my lower fang.

"Well, anyhow, he grabbed me and yelled that I was going to be the outfit's mascot. 'We'll teach 'im to march with us at parade!' he screamed. You can imagine how tickled I was to hear that. They hung some damn dog tags around my neck, and then this fool with the stripes yelled, 'Now let's take 'im over an' get his shots for rabies!' Swell! I tried to slink quietly away, but they loaded me into a GI truck and we started for the post veterinary.

"I sat in the corner, biding my time, until some clerk with more rank than brains chirped, 'Look! He *likes* to ride in GI trucks!' That was just too much. I jumped across three laps and out of the moving truck and rolled over five times in the dust, but it was worth it to get away. After two hours of steady work I finally got those dog tags off my neck.

"Well, there's nothing much happening around here. My families are all well and happy. I seldom see the litter I had by Queenie; they're scattered all over town, but my youngsters by Fifi and Maggie and Dolly are still around.

"By the way, I saw your old flame last night. Out in that porch swing of hers, as usual. This time it was an officer. I hope she marries him, it would serve her right. He says to her, 'Whose dog is that?' and she starts to answer, 'That's Dunk's dog,' but the words stick in her throat, and she says instead, 'Oh, that's just a dog from down the street; got in the habit of hanging around here nights.' Then he says, 'Why does he keep watching us all the time?' Later on she says, 'You sure are lucky to be stationed in the States for two years,' and he yells, 'Lucky! Why, I'd give anything to be overseas. I've put in for it dozens of times, but they simply won't let me go over except as a combat man.' A little later she says, 'Those are awfully good-looking shoes you're wearing tonight,' and he says, 'Those aren't shoes, honey, they're imported English flying boots.' (Flying boots! The only time he ever gets his feet off the ground is when he puts them on the desk.) Pretty soon he says, 'Listen, what's that? Rain?' Then he jumps up and yells, 'It's that damn dog—right on my boots!' He tries to kick me, but I'm too quick.

"Well, that's about all the scandal I know around here. I always enjoy your letters, and I don't blame you for griping about that Aleutian deal. I could do without the women easily enough, but the trees I would definitely miss. Take care of yourself, and hurry home.

—"ROVER."

PX

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SAD THOUGHT FROM A COLORFUL—THOUGH REMOTE—PACIFIC ISLE

I admit this is an amazing world
But I'd prefer a place more liberally girled.

—Cpl. SCOTT FELDMAN

THE MASTERS

Now come the modern troglodytes to dig
Among the ruin of the cities, yank
The metal roots, collect the wire twigs,
Unearth the warped machines and scratch and clank
Their sides as if to bring the dead alive.
And then to gather every strange device
In one great cave and chant loud prayers, contrive
To bring the monsters proper sacrifice.

A feeble few among them call to mind
Some dim remembrance of the past, where once
The wise machines performed their will, but find
This greater shame—to try with wordless grunts
The magic of the old accustomed tone,
And find themselves unanswered and alone.

SCU, Lake Placid, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

Glory Hound

THERE was a returnee sitting at the table in a corner of the cafeteria. Talbert glanced at him and scowled.

"Glory hound," he muttered to himself and bit savagely into his steak sandwich. Returnees were a sore point with Talbert. In the past six months they had replaced every man in the orderly room except Morgan, the morning-report clerk, and himself, and it seemed as though they could talk of nothing but England, Saipan and Anzio and all the rest of that. There had already been talk of his going to an Army Technical School, and they loved to tease him about it. Talbert didn't mind that so much, but he disliked the way they were always bringing up his going overseas.

"Wait till they get your fanny over there," they loved to crow.

"Boy, you'll sweat. It's not like here, you know, with furloughs every six months and a three-day pass every month."

"God knows, I'm not afraid of going overseas," Talbert frequently stated to Morgan. "It's just that I know I can do more good here than I can in the field, but you know how the Army works. They think every man's got to go whether he's needed here or not."

Of course, you couldn't say that to them. They would have made humorous remarks about Talbert, the Indispensable Pass Clerk. They had even made up a little song about it that was the silliest thing he'd ever heard.

They always called the orderly room to attention when he entered. And they had the habit of crowding around his desk and gazing and gaping at his Good Conduct and pre-Pearl Harbor ribbons with the marksman shooting medal underneath. He could never understand why they made such a fuss.

"God knows," he used to say to Morgan in a loud voice, glancing at the men, "I may not have won the war single-handed, but at least I earned them." But Talbert's remark seemed to amuse rather than annoy them.

A disheveled soldier in ill-fitting sun-tans came over to Talbert's table and began to remove his food from his tray. When he sat down, he looked at Talbert in a friendly, timid way.

"I hope you don't mind my sharing this table with you." There were plenty of empty tables in the cafeteria, Talbert noticed sourly. "It's just that I hate to eat alone." Talbert mumbled something vaguely and went on eating.

"Look," said the stranger, thrusting forth his hand, "my name's Harris."

"Hello," said Talbert, suspiciously shaking hands. When he returned to his own thoughts, Harris went on speaking.

"I've only been in the Army about two weeks."

"That so?" Talbert answered without particular interest, waiting for the man to subside.

"I kinder hate to eat by myself. I'm used to having the wife and kids around me. I don't like to eat alone. This is the first time I've gotten a pass. I'm in a reception center."

"That right?" Talbert sighed. It was such old, dreary stuff.

"You a returnee?" asked the other between bites. Talbert looked at him in surprise.

"What makes you ask that?"

"I noticed your ribbons." Talbert looked down at the Good Conduct and pre-Pearl Harbor awards.

"There?" he asked deprecatingly. "They—" He stopped and felt suddenly hemmed in. This was the sort of situation they howled at. He clenched his lips. "As a matter of fact," he said, "now that you mention it, I am." He felt heroic immediately. After all, it could have been true.

"I've seen a lot of those ribbons. Where did you fight? What theater, I mean?"

"ETO."

"Hm?"

"European Theater of Operations."

The other whistled.

"Boy! Must of been something. What did you do?"

"I was a gunner on a B-17," Talbert said quietly.

"Gosh! I bet you're glad you're back."

Talbert looked around him contemptuously.

"I'm not sure. When I see these civilians living as though there'd never been a war on at all, I almost wish I was back." The other nodded in agreement.

"Must have been pretty dangerous."

"It was fairly rugged," Talbert admitted. His eyes went beyond the soldier and became hazy, as though filled with memories terrible and far away.

"Look," said the other, "I don't want to butt into your life: I know you don't want to talk about it—"

"That's all right," Talbert said gently. "It does me good to talk about it once in a while." He sighed. "Besides, I owe it to those who have gone to talk about it."

"Oh." Harris waited a respectful moment, then began again, "How did it feel, not knowing when your turn was coming up?"

"What can you do?" Talbert asked philosophically. "There's a bullet with your name on it, and when it comes—well—" He spread out his hands, and his sad smile told more than any words could express. He was singularly moved. Then his eyes became steely with purpose. "But there was a job to be done and it was up to us to do it."

Harris subsided, shaking his head with wonder. When he spoke again, his face shone.

"I don't guess we'd ever have pulled through if it wasn't for you fellers."

Talbert smiled that sad smile again.

"We simply did our job. The Infantry had it pretty rough, too."

"They're putting me in the Infantry."

"We simply did our job." Talbert rose. "I've got to be getting back." Harris got up and thrust out his hand. His eyes were glowing.

"Let me shake your hand, Mister, uh, corporal. You certainly taught me a thing or two. I guess I won't complain the next time I come up for KP. I really take my hat off to you fellers."

"Thanks." Talbert mumbled, feeling a trifle uneasy before the other's effusiveness.

On the way back to camp, he swelled with pride. He felt like a hero for the first time since he was drafted and shoved his way through the bus with a swagger and a cocky gleam in his eye. He barely spoke to the friendly civilian guard.

When he reached the orderly room, two of the returnees were there and his mood soured. As soon as he shut the door, one of them yelled, "Tenshun!" He strode past their grinning faces without so much as a backward glance. Sitting down, he picked up a sheet of paper and pretended to study it.

"Glory hounds," he muttered to himself. "Goddam glory hounds."

—Pvt. H. RATZKER

"Clem, come down here this minute. Your paw has no more questions about the tactics of the tank corps."

—S/Sgt. David Redfern, Ft. Worth, Texas

"His name is Patton, so we call him Old Blood and Guts."

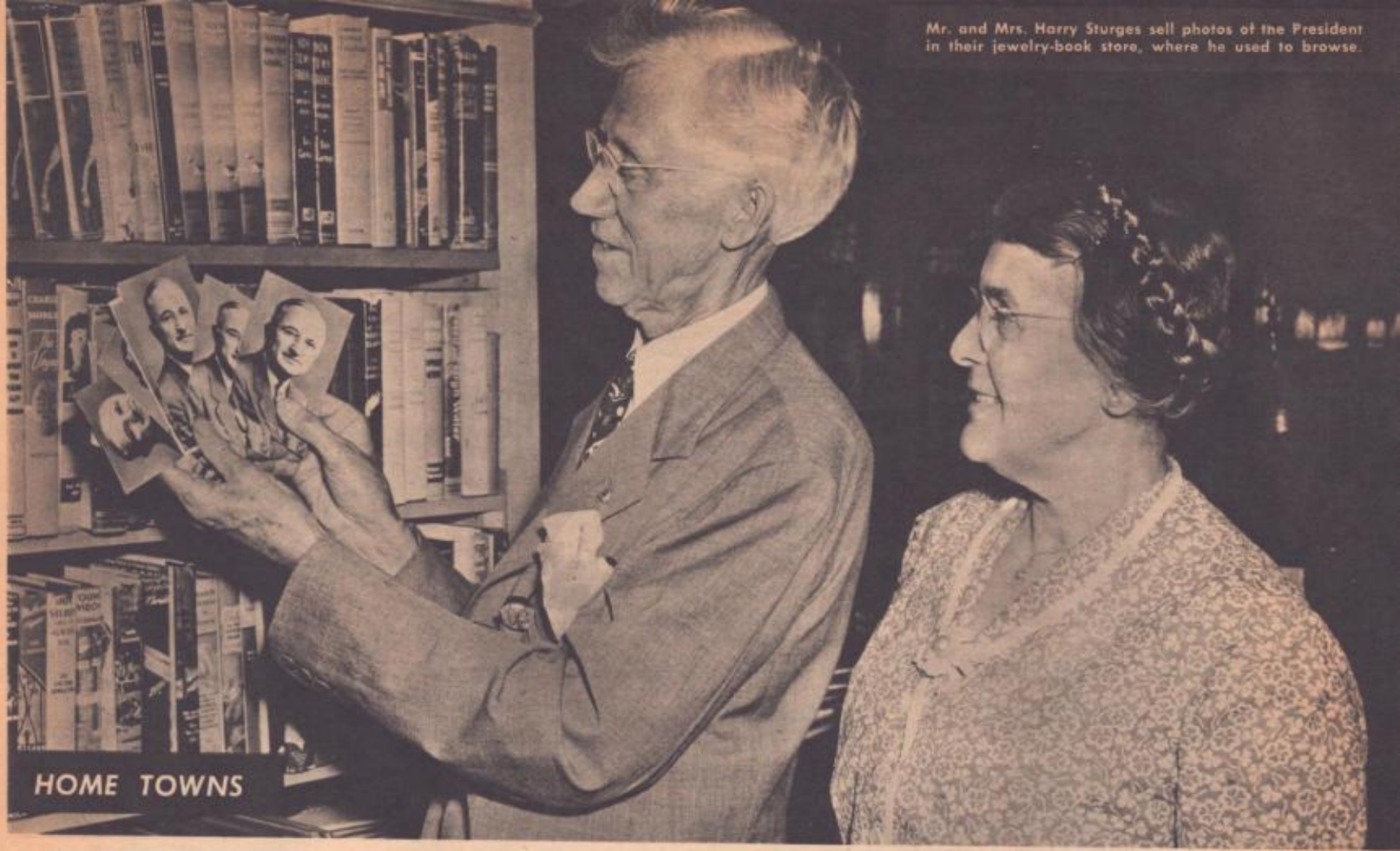
—Sgt. Michael Ponce de Leon, Scott Field, Ill.

"Got a date for the prom?"

—Cpl. John Baldwin, India

"Are you sure the USO sent you?"

—Sgt. Tom Zibelli, Fort Bliss, Texas



Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sturges sell photos of the President in their jewelry-book store, where he used to browse.

HOME TOWNS

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

INDEPENDENCE, Mo.—Not so very long ago a curious visitor from out-of-state stopped a farmer on Liberty Street here and asked him if he knew President Truman. The farmer, loaded down with the coming week's groceries and very much in a hurry to get home, snapped back: "Of course I know Harry and so does everybody in town who has been here more than 15 years. What's so blamed particular about that?"

Everyone in Independence feels much the same way as the farmer. Although the townspeople are proud that a boy who once worked in the local drug store for $3 a week now holds the highest office in the land, they don't see why they should go into conniptions about it. As one old-timer has said: "Harry himself wouldn't want anyone making a fuss over it."

President Truman's neighbors are much more interested in the industrial boom that started in their town during the war years. This boom, the townspeople believe, may be the beginning of a new era.

Even before a collection of sprawling wooden buildings and muddy streets was incorporated as a city in 1849, Independence was a more or less important community in this part of Missouri. It was here, in the 1830s, that the pioneers gathered with their wagon trains for the long trek across the plains. Independence was the jumping-off point for prairie schooners taking any one of the three great routes to the Golden West—the Santa Fe, Oregon and California Trails. In those days Independence merchants equipped the pioneer trains with wagons, harness and oxen. Then, when the Midwest settled down to an agricultural life of its own, the town became the county seat and the chief shopping center for the farms in Jackson County.

Throughout the 50 years preceding Pearl Harbor, Independence changed very little. The big houses built by a group of businessmen from nearby Kansas City gave the place a somewhat suburban look, but by and large Independence remained just another Missouri country town.

After Dec. 7, 1941, things began to happen. First off, the Standard Oil refinery out at Sugar Creek was enlarged and hired twice the number of its prewar employees. Then the small industries on the edge of Kansas City, 17 miles south of Independence, began to mushroom out of the metropolitan district and overflow into the Blue Valley. Finally, the Lake City project, a Remington Arms plant, came along, and all of placid Jackson County was involved in the boom.

During the war the Lake City project manufactured small arms for the Army. Situated five miles east of Independence, it grew into one of the most important munition centers in the country. At one time, more than 8,000 persons were on its payroll and, though many of them came from Jackson County, the majority were out-of-towners from nearby states.

Despite the abrupt stop in war production since the Japs surrendered, if you came home now you would notice the way the past few years have changed Independence. These days there seem to be many more cars parked along the square, and there is much more traffic and hustle and bustle along Liberty Street than there were before the war.

Cook and Sermon's big grocery store on West Maple, like every other store in town, has twice the business it used to have and now stays open till 8 on Saturday nights. A. J. Bundschu's place on the east side of the square looks like one of the big Kansas City department stores when the farmers and employees from Lake City gather there on a busy Saturday afternoon. The town now has four air-conditioned theaters—the Granada, Plaza, Maywood and Electric—and all of them are crowded every night. Chamber of Commerce officials figure that local business has doubled in the past two years—and at that, they claim their estimates are modest.

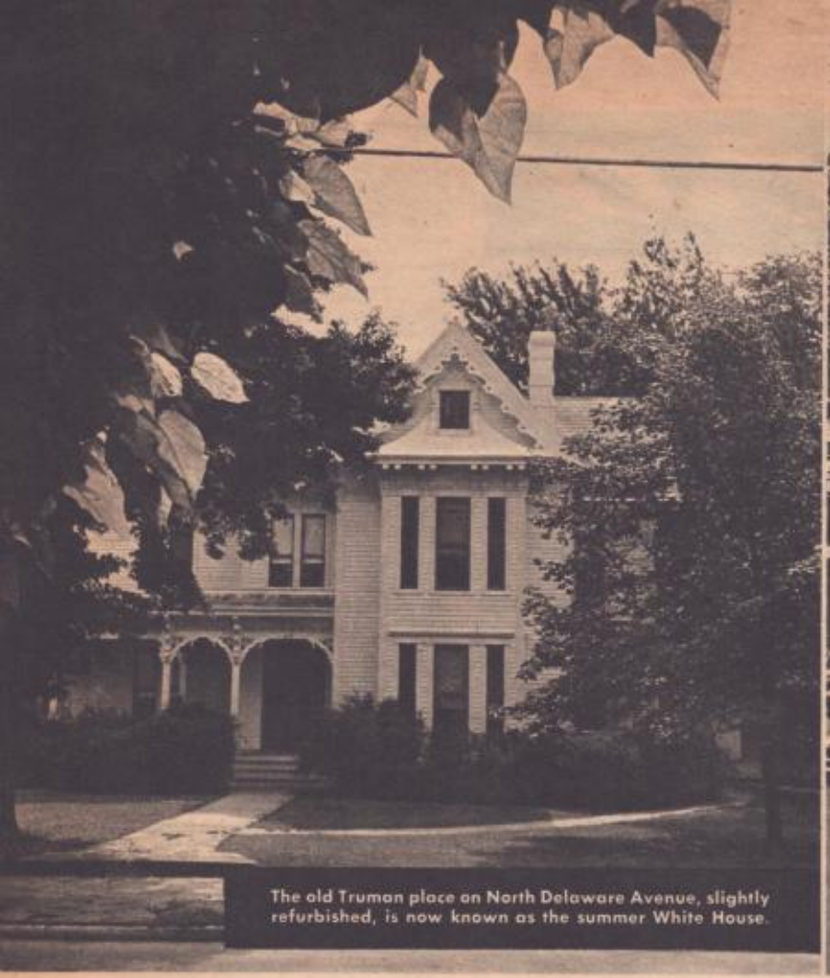
The population rose from 16,700 in 1940 to 21,000 early in 1945. However, most of the newcomers were defense workers hired for Lake City. During the war this influx created quite a housing shortage, and civic officials had to send a petition to the Federal housing authorities for help. The Government finally permitted the city fathers to build a housing project out on Chrysler Avenue. The project consists of 300 family units and it eased the shortage considerably.

The Lake City project absorbed so much manpower that a lot of people took on extra jobs to help ease the situation. Four of the town's firemen—Tom Pollard, George Hanson, Ed McCullough and Ernie Daniels—have been working at other jobs in their spare time. Civic officials believe they will have little trouble finding jobs for the 1,700 Independence men still in uniform.

Yet, despite the war boom and the increase in population, Independence looks much the same. The war hasn't wiped away the stone-and-brick houses with their wide, comfortable porches and large, green lawns, and the streets are still lined with those lovely sycamores, maples and elms. It is still customary to wind up a Saturday night with a coke at John Feldhan's drug store on Union Street and the high-school kids, as in the days of Harry Truman's youth, still use John's as their official hangout. Those two ancient booths with all the names carved on their surface remain in the right-hand corner, but there are many new names.

THE country club has increased its membership, despite the shortage of golf balls. The grammar-school kids go out there on week ends and search for balls—club members say the prices the little bandits charge for them is scandalous. The swimming pool out on Lexington Avenue did a tremendous business in last summer's heat and because of the manpower shortage had a hard time getting a lifeguard.

Remember the Kirby Bowl with its 12 alleys? Well, it ain't no more. No one seems to know exactly how it happened, but the place caught



The old Truman place on North Delaware Avenue, slightly refurbished, is now known as the summer White House.

Kids still skip classes to have an ice-cream soda at Feldhan's drug store, as young Harry Truman used to do.

fire one morning just after it had been repainted and the whole building was gutted. It's planned to rebuild the Bowl now that the war is over. Crown's Drugstore, on the corner of the square, also had a fire a few months ago.

Under the direction of Lt. Emmett L. Karnes, the municipal band gave its weekly summer concerts at Slover Park as usual this year, and George Anway led the group singing. But those famous Independence Sunday dinners, at which folks would have a Missouri country-cured ham at one end of the dinner table and that special brand of Missouri turkey at the other, are no more. Now, with meat-ration points being lowered, people are beginning to take heart and say, "There'll come a day."

Despite all the hullabaloo of the past few years, there are still enough of the old names in the City Register—names that have been synonymous with the town's history since pioneering days—to make you realize that, new era or not, Independence isn't going to change completely for quite awhile. The Woodsons, the Sawyers, the Chrismans and the Wallaces (Mrs. Harry Truman was one of the Wallace girls) are still living in Independence and the descendants of these pioneer families are still prominent.

Old John Feldhan, though he's getting on in years, does a daily stint behind his prescription counter, and if you ask him (and the old gentleman isn't too busy) he will tell you stories of the days when Harry Truman, Charley Ross and Bess Wallace (Mrs. Truman) used to skip a class and talk about their future prospects over a Feldhan ice-cream soda.

Roger Sermon and David Kincaid are still holding public office. This is Roger's 21st year in the mayor's seat and Dave's 45th year as fire chief. Bert Stowell is still driving a cab and is just as loquacious as ever.

Harry Sturges is active in his jewelry-and-stationery store on North Liberty. As in President Truman's day, all the kids at the William Chrisman High School are Harry's customers. He remembers the President very well.

"He was a quiet, studious lad and often came in here and browsed around the book shelves," Harry Sturges recalls. "He was very interested in history and whenever he bought a book, you could bet it would turn out to be a history book."

Caroline Stoll, who has taught the ABCs to practically the entire county, still lives out at 416 North Liberty and recently celebrated her 84th birthday. Despite a lame leg, Miss Stoll went to the local festivities when the President recently returned to Independence. Miss Stoll sat beside her star pupil and said to him, "Harry, you haven't changed a bit, and don't let all this fuss bother you. You are going to do a fine job in that office just as you've done in all the others."

Some of the boys in service are coming back to town in civvies, but not too many as yet. Cleo Corley was recently discharged from the Army. If you haven't been getting your copy of the Independence *Examiner* for the past few years, you might say to yourself, "Cleo Corley getting out of the Army? I didn't know he was old enough to get in." Cleo was in the Army long enough to collect 195 points. He enlisted in the AAF shortly after Pearl Harbor and hung up 90 missions as a gunner of a Flying Fortress crew in the ETO. Cleo, who just celebrated his 20th birthday, had three complete crews shot from under him and collected the Silver Star, Purple Heart, a Presidential Citation and the Air Medal with 16 clusters. Cleo hasn't any immediate plans for the future. "I'm going to spend at least three full months in the Tasty Shop concentrating on chocolate malts and banana splits. After that I'll figure out what I'm going to do," says ex-Sgt. Corley.

THE Tasty Shop where Mr. Corley intends to spend the next three months still remains a favorite hang-out of the town's youth. By way of providing additional entertainment, civic officials have opened a "Teen Town" at Memorial Hall. The officials dish up a juke box, coke, ice cream and chaperones while the teen-agers dish out a lot of torrid jitterbugging and plenty of hep conversation. The kids of high-school age attend "Teen Town" Saturday nights while the Junior High elements go on Saturday afternoons.

Although not everyone in town welcomes the prospect, it seems inevitable that Independence will have its share of postwar industries. In addition to the Lake City project, which may be a permanent acquisition on a reduced peacetime scale, the town expects to have a General Motors assembly plant. GM has bought a big piece of property out Lake City way and plans to build its assembly plant as soon as materials become available. This project, the townspeople say, will employ 4,500 workers.

Civic officials are budgeting for a museum to house relics and mementoes of pioneering days. The museum is also to shelter President Truman's private papers, souvenirs and other data relating to the town's most famous citizen. A modern hotel to take care of the swarms of future visitors who, civic leaders think, will want to see the President's old home town is another project in the planning stage.

June 27, 1945, is one day that Independence won't forget for a long, long time. That was the day the President dropped into town on his way back from San Francisco and the United Nations Conference. The town expected a crowd but not the thousands who swarmed all over the streets like a legion of ants on a picnic. Independence had never had such a crowd before.

The President arrived from the Kansas City airport in a 15-car caravan and entered town by way of Winner Road and West Lexington Street. The uptown streets and the west-end business section were decorated with bunting and each street-light pole along the way had a flag atop it. The Courthouse and City Hall were strung with red-white-and-blue banners. Chief Hal Phillips had an auxiliary police force of nearly 100 men, but even so he had a tough time handling the crowd.

After making a short speech at the square, the President was whisked down Maple Avenue to the summer White House on North Delaware Avenue where his wife and daughter, Margaret, were waiting for him. That night his old friend, Maj. Roger T. Sermon, gave a small dinner for the President, his personal staff and 10 former officers of the 129th Field Artillery who had served with the President and Maj. Sermon in the first World War. A cordon of police surrounded the big brick Sermon house and the guests were served T-bone steak. The Sermons and a lot of their neighbors on Procter Place were minus many red points after that dinner.

Although Mrs. Truman and Margaret remained in Independence throughout the summer, there was very little commotion connected with their stay. Every Sunday Margaret and her mother went to the Trinity Episcopal Church, where Miss Truman sang in the choir. The First Lady of the Land and her daughter walked to and from the church, stopping to talk with their neighbors, just as in years gone by.

The national press made quite a fuss over the Trumans' unassuming attitude, but Independence didn't see anything so remarkable in the First Family's friendly manners. "They always were regular folks, and why should everybody be surprised that they still are?" the people of Independence asked.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

FEELING its victory oats, Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet does a dance for the benefit of the camera off the coast of Japan. Not all the units are shown; no camera now in existence could do that.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—U. S. Navy. 3—Sig. Corps. 4—INP. 5—Top and center, right, Pfc. Warner Wolff; lower, Cpl. Charles James. 6 & 7—Sgt. Donald Breimhurst. (In Alaska Edition: 5—Ladd Field; 7—1452d AAF Base Unit ATC). 8 & 9—Acme. 16 & 17—Sgt. John Frane. 20—Warner Bros. 22—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 23—Acme.

The Captain's Proposals

Dear YANK:

From the thousands of officers in our Army at long last has come one, a captain, who has had the determination to express his true opinion on a pertinent topic and has offered a six-point proposal for changes in the present set-up. Said opinion being, without a doubt, that of the greater majority of enlisted men today. . . .

Let officers and enlisted men have the same privileges, the same opportunities, the same respect. Let them abolish useless traditions and innumerable regulations that are an insult to the intelligence of the average American youth.

If compulsory training is necessary, let's do it in a democratic way. If we don't, one of the very things we have been so desperately fighting may in years to come exist in our own country.

Saipan —Cpl. R. M. KOTHE

Dear YANK:

I wonder if an Army wife could get in a "gripe" about the Army as I believe now is the time for a reform if it is ever to be done.

I have had eight years as an enlisted man's wife and four as an officer's. The same man, too, even if he is now a "gentleman."

I have never been able to understand how a democratic country could have such an undemocratic Army, but I believe it is because the majority of people don't know and care less except when it involves their loved ones.

I shall never forget the feeling I had the first time I saw my husband, then a sergeant, jump to attention as his CO passed by. I felt like saying, "Dammit, you are as good as he. Don't act like a slave."

Civilians ask why did he stay in the Army or enlist in the first place. He answers, "Army life isn't much different from any job where you have a boss or bosses, and it has so much security and besides I like it."

However, I know of many Army children with complexes for life. Yes, on both sides—superiority and inferiority. I pray I can raise mine without either.

In the first place, rank and pay alone is enough to keep the men in line. No one is more respectful than a private to his first sergeant or a lieutenant or captain to his CO, if they deserve respect.

The officers' wives are the ones that pour salt into the wounds. I have had to bite my tongue hard several times in the past three or four years. Such remarks as, "Poor thing, she was so tired and dirty, I just knew she was an enlisted man's wife moving to town," and "Mrs. Smith is so nice, you'd never dream she was an enlisted man's wife in the Regular Army," or "Don't you feel sorry for Mrs. Jones? She will have to be a poor sergeant's wife when the war is over." *Now ain't that hell?*

Even being classed as an officer's son caused my boy trouble in school. One teacher picked on him constantly because she wasn't going to pet any pampered officer's son and became sweet as pie after I told her we were just old enlisted people and probably would be again. Once after riding a school bus joyfully for a week someone asked my son what his Daddy did and when he replied that he was a captain all the children moved away from him like he was a leper.

My gripe isn't for my husband. He is the type that takes life as it's handed out but still working and studying to get ahead, but I guess women are just not made that way, especially if it involves the happiness of their children. The proposals by the captain were fine as far as they went. . . .

Brownwood, Texas —CAPTAIN'S WIFE

Dear YANK:

Until now I have held my peace but this letter from our Aberdeen captain is "the straw that breaks the camel's back," so to speak. Some of the captain's statements are so fallacious as to be unworthy of comment, but in case all of your readers are unaware of this, I will answer all of them.

1) The captain would have us believe that there is wide-spread political appointment of officers. This is absolutely untrue. There have been a very few officers commissioned directly from civilian occupations because of their highly technical knowledge in certain fields. They are specialists and necessary for the prosecution of the war. Their commissions are in effect only for the time they are needed and they do not fill positions of line officers commanding troops. All of our line officers must earn their commissions by hard work and demonstrating their ability to lead men. Probably those that have to work the hardest for commissions are the cadets at the U.S.M.A. Four years of competition at West Point certainly proves a man's mettle.

2) Army regulations prescribe the same uniform to be worn by officers and enlisted men while on duty. Officers must purchase their own uniforms while enlisted men are issued theirs. An officer must be the best looking soldier in his organization in order to set the pace for personal appearance, a great factor in morale and discipline. It is only right and proper therefore that an officer purchase well tailored uniforms of the best available material.

3) Officers' messes draw exactly the same rations from the quartermaster as do the enlisted messes. Furthermore, officers pay for each meal eaten in the officers' mess. Often times the officers will augment their regular issue of rations by purchasing, with their own money, supplementary groceries.

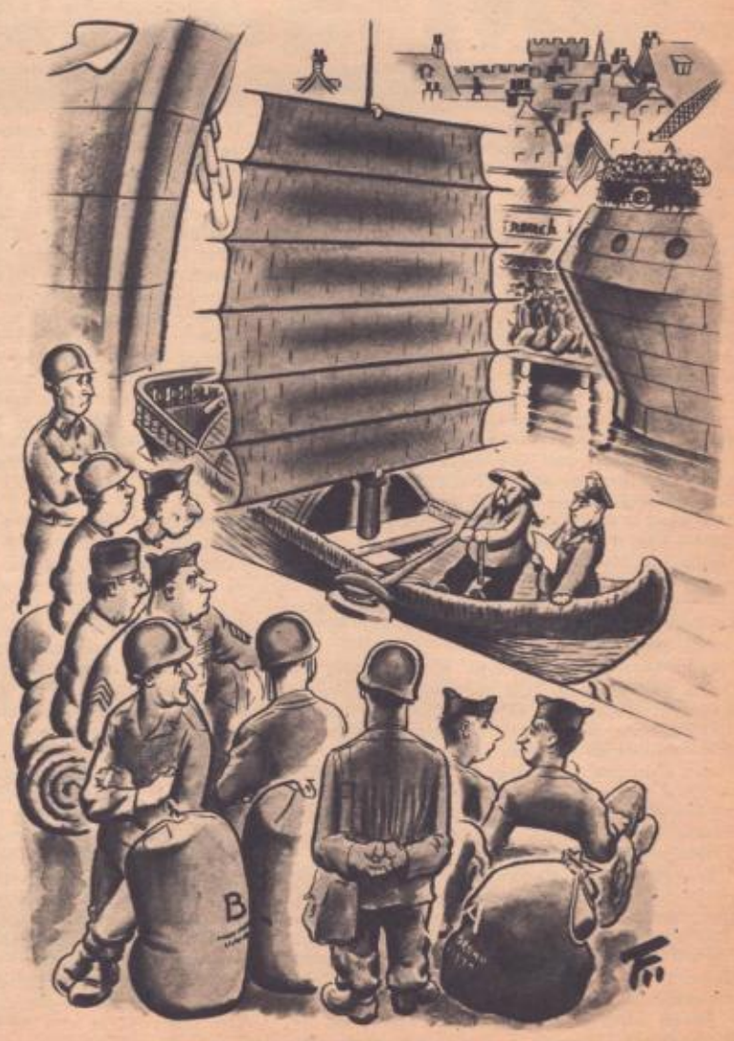
4) The equipment issued to officers for field use is different from that issued to enlisted men only insofar as the equipment issued to a rifleman differs from that issued to a machinegunner. It fits his job. And do not lose sight of the fact that all officers' field uniforms must be purchased—very expensive. There are some articles of convenience for use in the field which are usually purchased by officers. These should not, however, be confused with items of issue.

The captain brings up two other points in his letter, namely that of quarters and of social differences such as reserved seats for officers in theaters, etc. I would answer these by simply stating that, from time immemorial, with added responsibilities come additional privileges. This is true in Russia where, incidentally, I have been and had an opportunity to observe closely. China or Timbuktu. When an enlisted man qualifies himself, he may become a candidate for commission. Upon successful completion of the work necessary to become an officer he assumes vastly greater responsibilities. He may then, and not before, enjoy officers' privileges. He has earned them and no one should expect them to come by an easier method.

The salesmen and clerks of a large department store neither seek nor wish social fraternization with the general manager of the concern. Their interests vary greatly, apart from the business. So with the officers and enlisted men in the Army. Never think for a minute that enlisted men want social intercourse with officers after duty hours. An officer's biggest job is looking out for the welfare of his men, and an officer who fails in this is a very poor one indeed. However, there is a great difference between sincere, friendly interest and familiarity.

Discipline. What a misunderstood term! Everyone should know the definition of discipline and the reason that it is necessary. The definition of discipline as the Army means it is "prompt and cheerful obedience to properly constituted authority." It *must* be a *habit*. Why must it be a habit? Anyone who has been on the battlefield knows the answer to that one. Orders must be executed automatically in combat. The unit must operate as a well-oiled machine. A leader is appointed with full responsibility of his unit, however large or small, and his orders must be followed automatically without faltering under most adverse conditions. If this were not done, utter confusion would result at the cost of many lives, limbs and defeat of purpose.

I have said that discipline was a habit. Habits must be formed, and with American youth, used to doing about what they please whenever they wish in our great free country, it takes a lot of habit forming to teach unquestioning, prompt,



—Cpl. Tom Flannery

cheerful and accurate obedience. Perhaps there are many ways to form this habit. All I know is that over a period of centuries close-order drill has been proved by every Army in the world to be one system that works. If my captain friend knows a better one, I would like to know it. The greatest trouble with teaching habits of discipline to men is that too often officers fail to explain the reason for it and men cannot understand the purpose of precision drills.

Of course, our Army is not perfect. Nothing in this world is. However, I believe we have the best there is, and I, for one, hope to spend the remainder of my life in our Army, trying to make it better and better.

—Capt. HOMER H. HAMMOND

Camp Campbell, Ky.

Dear YANK:

The undersigned think the proposals of the unnamed captain in regard to alleviating the second-class citizens' status of the EM in this Army are the most sensible yet presented.

Captain, you have our unqualified support.

Hawaii —Sgt. SYDNEY W. HEAD* and 43 others

*Also signed by 43 others.

Dear YANK:

The Aberdeen captain's suggestions for the post-war Army sounded very good to me, in part. But, I'd like to plead the case of the flying officer.

I'm on a B-29 crew of 11, five of us officers. We all address each other by first names and get along splendidly. I believe I can safely say that there are very few enlisted combat air-crew members who don't have a good word to say about the officers who fly and fight in an airplane with them.

I don't propose to make excuses for the privileges officers enjoy. All that was well-established long before I entered this Army as a gunner in a heavy-weapons outfit, let alone when I adorned myself with a gold bar.

I can see a firm basis, from my own experience, for many of the gripes about officers. But, please, why not be more specific? Because an ordnance man runs across the wrong kind of an officer, does that mean the officer in the infantry outfit next door is the same?

Saipan —A FLYING OFFICER

Dear YANK:

The captain's first point is superb except that all officers in technical services should be in the field for which they are qualified. OCS offered the enrollee his choice of fields. Aviation Engineers sounded good to some with the result that we have many officers who, prior to the war, were bank tellers, clerks, insurance salesmen, gas-station attendants, etc.—most everything but engineers. Ask any civilian engineer what sort of an engineering leader could be whipped out of a bookkeeper in 90 days. After about two years of trial and error, an officer of normal intelligence begins to fall in line.

For example: a new graduate of OCS walked into the field of operations and promptly blew his top with the order, "Get that piece of equipment [a rubber-tired wobble-wheel roller] into the motor pool immediately and have those axles straightened!"

If an officer is a capable man who can command the respect of his men, no social distinction (Item 5) would be delightful. If an officer does not have the respect of the men, class or social distinction is a welcome relief for the men in not having to look at him during all active hours.

God knows, if no one else does, there's no room for the old Prussian-type army in scientific and mechanized warfare. If capable and qualified officers cannot be had, then it would be better to leave everything as it is. Barking commands in close-order drill, inspections, enforcing of military courtesy, and several others, whets up an officer's ego and self-confidence which has been badly frayed in an attempt at being an engineer.

Italy —T-5 ROBERT W. STADLER

Dear YANK:

In admiration for the courageous letter and, in my opinion, very sound ideas for a postwar military establishment, I hasten to the captain's defense. I can foresee that the captain is going to be criticized to high heaven by "died in the wool" Regular Army personnel and the "direct commission" officers of this war and needs all the support he can get.

I surmised by the captain's letter that he too rose from the ranks and am sure he is just as proud and happy to be an officer in the Army of the United States as I am but would not have accepted his commission nor any promotions without the knowledge that he did deserve them and felt sincerely that he was entitled to have what he has and is doing a good job. But why must the officers, especially in wartime, be placed on a pedestal high above all enlisted men? That sounds like the German and Japanese way to me. I was an enlisted man for two and a half years and have been commissioned for almost two years but it is my opinion that enlisted men in a democratic army are subordinate only insofar as accomplishment of any and all military missions are concerned.

There are too damned many officers in the Army today who believe enlisted men cannot be trusted out of their sight nor do a job well unless they stand over them and watch their every movement. These officers are invariably the ones who have received direct commissions and through their past civilian experience consider the enlisted man an employee to them rather than their fellowman doing the job with them instead of for them. There are entirely too many officers in this man's Army who got their commissions merely by signing a paper and raising their right hand but who did not then, or ever, understand the Army or the men in it.

I, personally, know that an enlisted man will do much better work and be happier in his work if he knows that he is trusted and helped by the officer over him and that he can talk to the officer "man to man" and both know that each is helping the other get a job done. It is not an "employer-employee" relationship, as so many jerks believe.

—1st Lt. FRED POLLASTRINI

Hamilton Field, Calif.

Dear YANK:

I'd like to suggest several more points:

1) Dispense with horse-whip psychology. The mind of a rookie coming into the Army now is innoculated with terror by constant re-readings of the Articles of War and by the veiled threats of his officers and non-coms. This effects a sheep-like subservience in the man and at the same time emasculates him of his ability to reason and act for himself. His mind finally becomes so twisted that he looks forward only to the day when he can brow-beat some fresh, timid soul. Instead of trying to intimidate new men, the Army should first try to develop a cooperative spirit.

2) Make all promotions on a basis of proven ability (50%), popularity (20%), seniority (20%) and officer selection (10%). Competence to handle the job can be determined by examinations similar to civil service or those now given WO candidates. Furthermore, the men of a unit should have something to say about who will be their leaders. Popularity can be determined by a simple ballot.

This program would give the men an incentive for working and studying. It would put the professional brown-noser and bully exactly where he belongs, at the bottom rung of the ladder, until he is able to prove his competence by honest means. It would remedy the cause of much of the bitching and the feeling of hopeless frustration so prevalent in the Army today.

3) Modernize the pre-Magna Charta system of military trials. There is much to be said against "trial by jury," but even so, it is fairer and more just than "trial by superior officers."

4) Investigate and impose strong penalties on those attendants who practice fascist brutality in Army stockades and psycho-wards. At present, many people seem amazed to learn that such things can happen in the U.S. Army. Perhaps they would be less credulous if they questioned at random almost any man who has "done time" in an overseas stockade.

5) Decrease the pay differential between ranks. The fact that promotions in the Army come slowly, and that a master sergeant or a lieutenant receives about three or four times as much as a private, would make any intelligent boy think twice before volunteering for the Regular Army.

There are many die-hards who insist, "A democratic Army won't work. The Army must maintain its traditions and its discipline." But, the truth is that democracy has repeatedly proven its case in the U.S. Army during this war among infantry and air-corps outfits in combat. If it works when the chips are down, it will work just as well as accepted Army policy.

Hawaii —T-4 GEORGE W. KORBER

Veterans' University?

Dear YANK:

. . . Veterans—due to their combat experiences—have matured more than most university students and therefore cannot cope with school traditions and ways of teaching as they were during peacetime. They do not and cannot find a common sense of fellowship as seen by the other students, who combine what the veterans call childish banter with education. The veteran's sole purpose is to gain an education in order that he may enter into his chosen profession in the shortest possible time.

The Government has established various institutions for the benefit of veterans. Why not establish a veterans' university?

Ryukyus —Pfc. RAY WHALEN

Supreme Sacrifice

Dear YANK:

The public relations boys, always on the alert for items of news value, have recently given a great deal of publicity to a civilian employee of the Army who suggested the number of eyelets in GI long-johns be reduced from three to two, thus effecting a nice saving of the taxpayer's money without detrimental results to the underwear. For this brilliant bit of inductive reasoning the employee was awarded a sizeable bonus.

In a lucid moment it occurred to me that the Army's opportunities for economizing are infinite. I offer herein a few suggestions.

My first suggestion concerns armament. As any gunner can tell you there

are eight lands and grooves in a caliber .50 machinegun. Is it asking too much to reduce the number of redundant grooves?

And what about quartermaster issue clothing? OD trousers have seven belt loops. Seven, mind you! Would the effective supporting strength of a belt be appreciably diminished if one of these loops were left off? Our trousers are really a monument to economic waste. Why couldn't some of the buttons on the fly be dispensed with?

There are nine pairs of eyelets in a GI shoe. Newly inducted recruits and those soldiers one sees on the movie screen are the only people who wear their shoes laced to the top. Most of us do not utilize the last two or three pairs of eyelets. Ergo, omit these useless apertures. If I am not awarded the Legion of Merit for this suggestion, the Awards and Decoration people just aren't on the ball.

Everyone knows that there are 13 arrows in the shields on officers' caps, but who actually takes the trouble to count them? If the number were reduced to 12 the difference would scarcely be noticeable. I am overwhelmed when I think how many arrows could thus be saved for more important purposes.

Critics may scoff at these money-saving plans. They may call them unfeasible, too intangible, the ravings of a frustrated efficiency expert or salvage officer. No one can level these accusations at my final suggestion. For this one I can supply facts.

There are about 8,000,000 men in the Army. If only one man not contributing anything to the war effort—a staff sergeant, let us say—were to accept a discharge it would mean a yearly saving of at least $1,152 (base pay), not counting the additional saving of not having to clothe, feed and shelter the soldier. I will make the supreme sacrifice. I will be that man. And I won't even ask for a cluster to that Legion of Merit.

Britain —S/Sgt. LAWRENCE H. BLUM

Business Loss

Dear YANK:

I have run into any number of men who think the world, and the government especially, owes them a living.

To me and the fellows who are only interested in getting back to earning a living, these loud mouths are nauseating to say the least. Any man who thinks that he should be paid off is of a low type of mentality and in all probability never earned an honest dime in all his life.

There is not a man in the Army who has not lost a great deal, materially and socially. In my opinion, this war will have to be treated the same as a business loss. By that I mean, after we get out of the Army each and every man is going to have to start from scratch and more or less take his losses with a shrug of the shoulders.

. . . For my part, just let me out of the Army and I will take my place in the world with the best of them at making a living for me and my family. The way I see it the one consolation lies in the fact that a majority of the men in the armed forces would prefer to work for a living rather than accept charity, or at least I hope so.

Let me ask this question. Where is all the money to come from that the government is supposed to "pay or else"?

New York —Cpl. ROBERT POLLACK

Officer Reclassification

Dear YANK:

When an enlisted man snafus, he is reduced. When an officer messes up and is unsatisfactory, reclassification proceedings are brought against him.

When a general officer becomes a GFU, especially overseas, do you know what happens to him? He is returned to the good old U.S., amidst appropriate fanfare, and is assigned to some type of training center, school, or other overhead installation!

Is there any cogent reason why the Army doesn't dispose of an individual of this caliber more effectively? Here is a man who has spent all his adult life in the military, studying and preparing himself for the day when he can utilize his knowledge and wisdom in combat against the enemy. When he fails in this task, he is unfit to carry the duties and responsibilities placed in his hands by the American people.

If he were in private enterprise he'd be bankrupt.

In peacetime, the average GI—even a shavetail—could carry out the duties of a one-starrer. All he has to do is return a salute, look pompous and impressive, ream someone out now and then, and sign his name to a bit of correspondence that has been re-typed several times. And perhaps a few other minor chores.

I maintain that in wartime it is the bounden duty of the War Department to divest itself of its inefficient leaders for the good of the service and country.

Let me dream some more.

Camp Croft, S. C. —(Name Withheld)

Occupation Volunteer

Dear YANK:

I have 40 months of service and it is all on this side. I would like to volunteer to go to Germany for a period of three years and let somebody there that has a family come back to the States. Are there any volunteers on that side of the pond who will trade places with me?

—Pvt. STANLEY A. KITCHELL

Camp Beale, Calif.

Dog Robbers

Dear YANK:

Before I want any young lads forced into the Army I would like to see the Army clean its own house. The Army can save manpower by doing away with orderlies for officers and separate KPs for officers' mess. I estimate the manpower saving at 850,000 men. Am I close? With this type of Army I would even vote for compulsory military training—but not before the Army changes.

Britain —S/Sgt. H. R. PALLOT

One Cent Stamp

Dear YANK:

The other day I received this card from a postmaster. My wife sent me a card and the stamp fell off somehow. Now they say if I want this one-cent card I have to send them a one-cent stamp with the card in an envelope with a three-cent stamp on it. Now just to get this card I have to send them four cents. My wife has already put a one-cent stamp on it. This one-cent card will cost us five cents.

I have been overseas 13 months and in two operations and to think they have the nerve to stop a card or letter to a serviceman just for a one-cent stamp. That card would have made me feel very good.

A letter or card from someone we love means more than a good meal to us. Now if I don't send them the one-cent stamp right away they will dispose of it. Why can't they send the card when they know we need writing from home?

Where the hell do they think I can get a one-cent stamp out here?

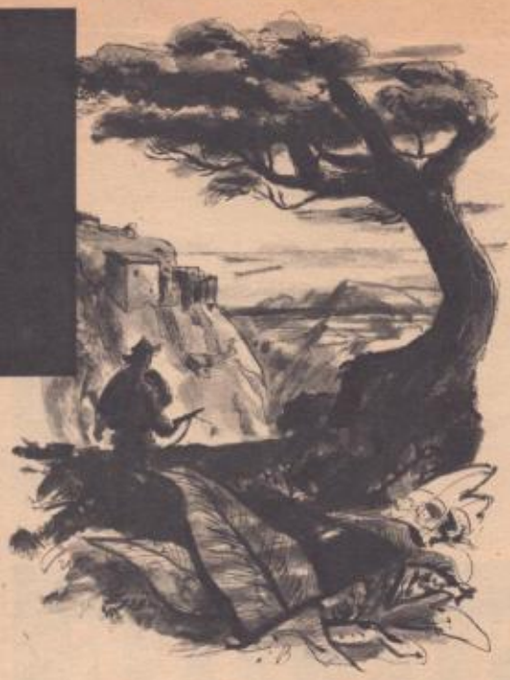
Ryukyus —Cpl. FRANCIS E. SCULLY

Joan Leslie

YANK

Pin-up Girl

WAR POETS



LO, VICTRESS ON THE PEAKS

Lo, Victress on the peaks,
Where thou with mighty brow regarding the world,
(The world O Libertad, that vainly conspired against thee),
Out of its countless beleaguering toils, after thwarting them all,
Dominant, with the dazzling sun around thee,
Flauntest now unharm'd in immortal soundness and bloom—lo, in these hours supreme,
No poem proud, I chanting bring to thee, nor mastery's rapturous verse,
But a cluster containing night's darkness and blood-dripping wounds,
And psalms of the dead.

—WALT WHITMAN

THE FOREIGNER

They welcomed Hayden back from war, and fed
Him horn-pout chowder, muffins, and berry pies.
"He hasn't changed a bit," the village said—
But there was the look of Asia in his eyes.
They fussed, and petted him; they wept again,
Telling the neighbors horrors he had known:
"Two years he lived among those naked men
Who worship hideous idols carved from stone!"

He remembered the Chinese coolie, Long Nee Lum,
Who fought in the Burmese jungles by his side,
The Kachin scouts, and the headsman at Nhpum,
And other dark-skinned brothers who had died.
How could he make these good folk understand
That this, his Maine, was now the alien land?

AGF, Washington, D. C. —Sgt. SMITH DAWLESS

LIMITED SERVICE

The Fortunes of War . . .
Are bitter ones and
Those with the most
To lose pay the
Highest price. . . .
Battlefields are
Littered with jeweled
Movements of thousands
Of fine men while
Many a broken
Dollar watch
Sits at a desk. . . .

Jacksonville, Fla. —M/Sgt. SHERWOOD STOKES

THE young lady on the opposite page is one of Hollywood's few triple-threat girls. Not only can Joan Leslie act, but she dances and sings. She does all three in her new Warner Bros. movie, "Rhapsody in Blue." Joan, who made her stage debut at the age of 2, was born in Detroit on Jan. 26, 1925. She is 5 feet 4, weighs 118, has hazel eyes and auburn hair.

FIRST LOVE (REMEMBERING SPAIN)

Again I am summoned to the eternal field
green with the blood still fresh at the roots of flowers,
green through the dust-rimmed memory of faces
that moved among the trees there for the last time
before the final shock, the glazed eye, the hasty mound.

But why are my thoughts in another country?
Why do I always return to the sunken road through corroded hills,
with the Moorish castle's shadow casting ruins over my shoulder
and the black-smocked man approaching, his hands laden with grapes?

I am eager to enter it, eager to end it.
Perhaps this one will be the last one.
And men afterward will study our arms in museums
and nod their heads, and frown, and name the inadequate dates
And stumble with infant tongues over the strange place-names.

But my heart is forever captive of that other war
that taught me first the meaning of arms and of comradeship
and always I think of my friend who amid the apparition of bombs
saw on the lyric lake the single perfect swan.

California —Pvt. EDWIN ROLFE

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS A RECORD TO HIS WIFE

Though, darling, we are under different stars
While praying at night, the heaven there as here
Allows no margin that our thoughts can't shear,
The abyss you recognize is only hours;
And just to think the abyss is to have crossed it:
Air stirs the grass with prints of this belief.
And emptiness dies on which prescient reef—
Ours, ours alone, because an aeon lost it—
Pulsates, is priming, like the tongue of men
(Which shapes its future answer rimmed on time,
Shapes too the interval set here in rhyme,
Itself a shape, no shape—a pen, no pen),
Where love, like prayer, will brook the chaos ever,
Quite as a song once sung is sung forever.

Hawaii —Cpl. JON BECK SHANK

SONG FOR A BABY WITH COLIC

It seems the lady was with child,
and now the child is with the mother;
their conversation was with touch,
but now they talk to one another.

Roll the baby on your shoulder
while she grows a minute older.

You once ran; I little thought
that you would cease your jaunty running;
but now you step, as mothers ought,
holding the work of nine months' cunning.

Roll the infant on your shoulder
while she grows two minutes older.

San Francisco, Calif. —Sgt. JAMES STEEL SMITH

TURN THE KEY IN THE LOCK

Turn the key in the lock;
You are home again, you are home.
You are home for the night.
You have time, now, to burn,
For sleep, and the hope you need.
It is a long time still
Before the summer light
Gathers along the sill
And the window goes white.
Perhaps there is time for the will,
And the good heart, to learn
What peace can be, that is not strange.
All that you do is driven change.
Get you to bed, now. Get to bed.

You have enough to do
Before the driving night goes thin:
Fold up the paper, then;
Turn out the lights; and leave
The letter on the desk, unread;
And get some sleep. The dream,
If it should come again,
May wake you, like a scream;
Like the good citizen
You are, you know what this would seem.
The heart may not believe
That happiness and terror, bright
And real, are somehow true. Goodnight.
Goodnight, goodnight. Sleep, if you can.

AAFBU, St. Louis, Mo. —Sgt. SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE

PUZZLES

LETTER DIVISION

FOR bunk fatigue try this little brain-foozler. You're given a long division example in which a different letter has been substituted for each of the ten digits (0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9). The problem is to restore the original numbers.

Look 'em over carefully, all the clues are there. For example, it's easy to spot I and zero. After that, a little analysis will reveal what S and I stand for. From then on, it's a cinch.

```
        BIG
   ------------
PUP ) TENTS
      ITI
      ---
      BGGT
      BRST
      ----
       IRS
       PUP
       ---
       BIB
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FIGURES

TAKE, for instance, a number with four figures in it—like 3126. By re-arranging the four figures you can form many other numbers. Examples: 1632, 6321, 2631, etc.

What would be the sum of *all* the four-figure numbers possible through such re-arrangement? (Including, of course, the original number.)

We know you can start writing them down and adding up, but the idea is to solve this in your head. It's quite possible, too—once you have doped out the short-cut approach which simplifies the whole problem.

ANAGRAMS

SUREST recipe for a Section Eight is a couple of hours tangling with stuff like this. The problem is to form a new word by rearranging the letters. Example: DIALECT reshuffled gives CITADEL.

1. COASTING _____
2. MADISON _____
3. ROAST MULES _____

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

LETTER DIVISION: R G S P U S I N T E
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

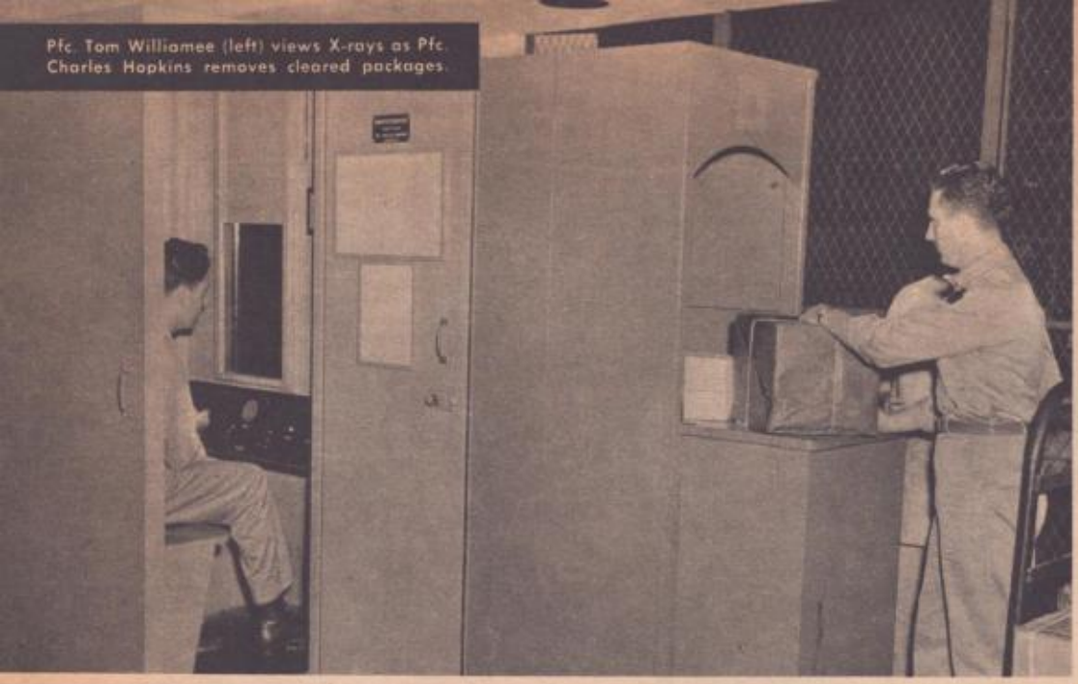
Any four objects (figures, in this case) can be arranged in 24 different ways: (1 x 2 x 3 x 4).

Since there are four figures (divide this by 24), each figure will appear six times in each vertical column of your addition. Now, the sum of the figures 3, 1, 2, 6, is 12; multiply by 6 gives 72 as the sum of each vertical column.

Proceed as in regular addition by putting down your columnar sums (and carrying remainders) from right to left, and you get 79992.

FIGURES. The total is 79992. You approach the problem this way:

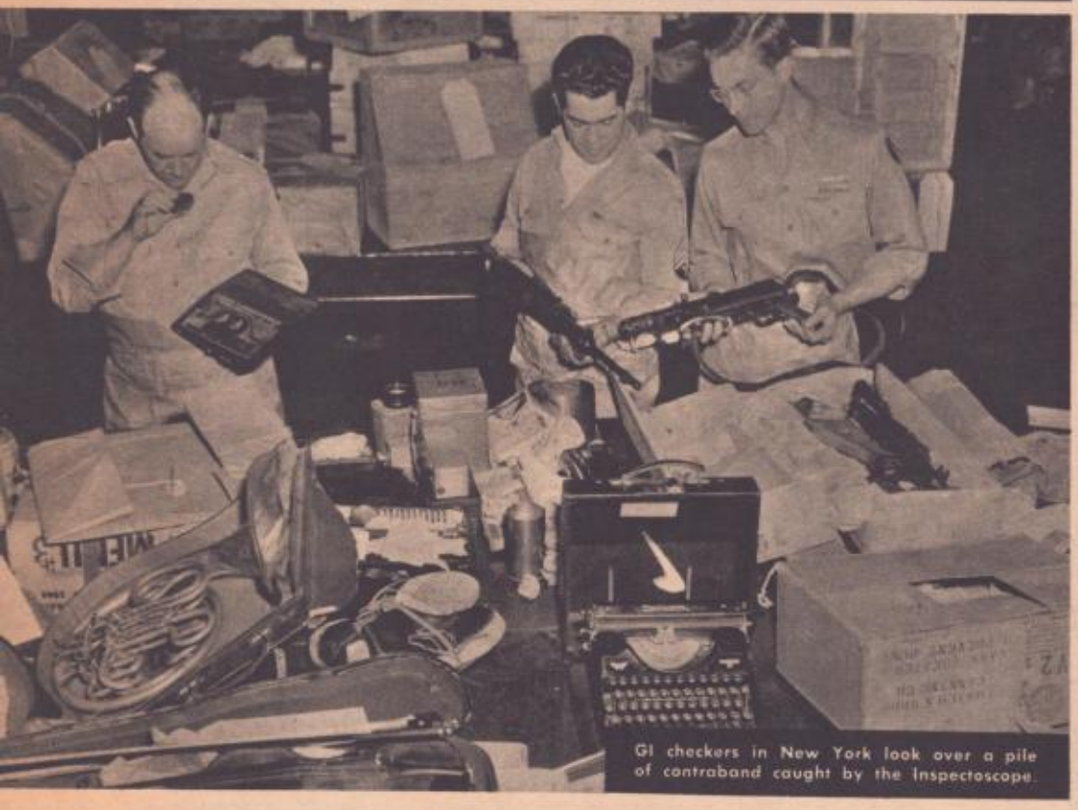
ANAGRAMS. 1. Agnostic 2. Domains 3. Somersault



Pfc. Tom Williamee (left) views X-rays as Pfc. Charles Hopkins removes cleared packages.

ROBOT DETECTIVE

This latest APO gadget is able to see through packages and to check on the legitimacy of the souvenirs you mail back home.



GI checkers in New York look over a pile of contraband caught by the Inspectoscope.

By Cpl. JONATHAN KILBOURN
YANK Staff Writer

If you're planning now on shipping home that liberated jeep—

If you've packaged up a parachute your wife would love to keep—

If you're gathering equipment to go into business cheap—

Or sending baby hand grenades to rattle in his sleep—

If you're smuggling in 'most anything, then—Read this, chum, and weep.

UNTIL a few months ago the armed services, the customs people and the postal authorities formed a mad and worried threesome. Government property worth thousands of bucks was being sent back to the U. S. by officers and GIs who had no right to send it. Weapons needed at the front and an equal amount of "non-mailable" material—items which were technically not stolen but weren't legal to pass through the mails—were getting by the postal authorities and reaching their home-front destinations.

The postal examiners in New York City and San Francisco labored mightily to give the more than 3,500,000 packages mailed each month by men overseas a thorough going-over. Yet again and again evidence cropped up that examiners were missing stuff that shouldn't have passed.

The answer lay partly in the fact that many officers and EM had become artists at camouflage and concealment. They hid contraband under harmless-looking candy-box covers; they built false bottoms in wooden boxes. But mainly the illegal stuff got by simply because the overworked examiners were pressed for time.

The Army got its dander up and decided that the smuggling problem had to be solved. The solution it finally evolved was a robot detective with a magic eye. The accursed instrument, called the Inspectoscope, finds illegal items that the human eyes of the examiners miss.

The principle of the Inspectoscope is not scientifically new. The Army device is just an adaptation of the fluoroscope machine which has been put to use many times in factories to break employees of the expensive habit of smuggling company property out through the gates.

The Army's Inspectoscope is a cross-shaped, lead-covered booth housing three X-ray units which pierce a package from three directions—diagonally from the top, diagonally upwards and horizontally. In a light-proof closet at one end of the booth sits the GI operator. Packages are passed behind a lead-impregnated screen and in front of the X-ray units. The image on the screen shows whether the packages contain anything metallic or solid.

With a little practice, the operator learns to spot a field jacket at a glance by the zipper. An OD shirt presents no problem at all. The buttons give it away. Technical equipment is a cinch.

Since Inspectoscopes were installed in San Francisco and New York City a few months back, thousands of contraband items of a hundred or more kinds have been discovered in packages sent home by over-enthusiastic collectors in the armed forces. During a recent week 30 percent of the packages inspected contained property of a legally non-mailable nature.

The list of smuggled articles is practically a handbook of Army property. It includes a whole arsenal: Carbines, revolvers, automatic pistols, flare pistols, rifles, grenades (including many live ones), bayonets, trench knives, ammunition and ammunition clips, plus motor parts, navigation watches, compasses and welding equipment. The inventory of Quartermaster items includes almost every piece of clothing that is issued, as well as kerosene stoves. One GI went so far as to dispatch to his family a batch of field rations. No doubt both his tongue and his taste buds were in his cheek.

Mechanical items abound. There are Signal Corps mikes, radio sets, field telephones, receiver detector amplifiers, tubes and camera parts. Medics have sent home enough equipment to start a hospital.

One Dental Corps officer mailed home enough dental supplies, including drills, hand-mirrors and so forth, to set himself up in private practice after the war. His packages included everything but the chair and the patient.

But the prize story involves an EM in the ETO. He sent a jeep home—and almost got away with it. In crate after crate, after dismantling the vehicle, the GI started to send pieces of the jeep to the U. S. The crank case gave him away. The magic eye of the Inspectoscope spotted it pronto.

The Army hopes the Inspectoscope will continue to catch contraband and eventually halt the smuggling of thousands of items into the U. S. It hopes so not only because it wants the smuggled articles back but because the process that must be undertaken upon discovery of stolen Government property is rapidly using up the diminishing supply of red tape.

When an illegal shipment is found, the Bureau of Customs takes it into custody. A report is made to the Army command that has jurisdiction over the sender. Then an investigation is started to determine if the property was stolen, and if there's any evidence of theft, well, that means the guardhouse.

The visual powers of the Inspectoscope shouldn't deter GIs from sending back souvenirs which the War Department okays. Any such items may be sent if the package contains two copies of a certificate signed by an officer and bearing the official seal of the theater commander. But live ammunition and explosives, automatic firearms and concealable weapons, radio and radar parts are all taboo no matter where you are or who okays the shipment.

If you're planning on shipping any of these or other contraband items, you'd better find some way to beat the Inspectoscope.

So far, nobody has.

These five servicemen came back from the wars to help the Detroit Tigers in their pennant fight. Left to right: Al Benton, Edwin Borom, Lesley Mueller, Hank Greenberg and Tom Bridges.

VICTORY BOOM

By Sgt. JOHN EBINGER

THE lifted eyebrows which used to greet predictions of a postwar sports boom have begun to uncurl, and the uncurling didn't take any longer to begin than it took President Truman to start an unofficial two-day holiday with his announcement of VJ-Day.

Baseball and horse racing, of course, have been leading the field in crowd-attraction. In the Major Leagues, Detroit topped the list of VJ-Day gates with a customer count of 82,000 over the double holiday. Several other clubs showed sharp increases and the only cities which fell below the 10,000 mark were Philadelphia and Boston, both of them deep in the second division of the National League. At that, Philadelphia dropped below 10,000 only on the first day of the holiday, and threatening weather could have been just as much to blame as the Phillies' stranglehold on the cellar.

As evidence that VJ wasn't a flash-in-the-pan as far as attendance went, 54,740 eager citizens crowded into the Polo Grounds the Sunday before Labor Day to chalk up the season's record in paid admissions at that park. And shortly before that, Ebbets Field had officially announced that the millionth ticket buyer of 1945 had put cash on the line for his right to boo (or cheer) the Dodgers.

The signs of victory in baseball are not confined to ticket-window evidence, either. Bob Feller is back, having shucked his Coast Guard uniform to don the more familiar regalia of the Cleveland Indians. He whiffed 12 in his first start against Detroit, and in his second game, pitching against Chicago's White Sox, he ran up another win, 12-8.

To prove conclusively that the Majors are once more hitting their stride, Charlie George, a catcher for the A's, tangled with umpire Joe Rue during a Shibe Park double-header with the Yankees, also on Labor Day Sunday. The umpire got a cut eye and the Yankees won both games. George and Rube, to keep up our statistics, played to the biggest Shibe Park crowd of the season.

Racing has been doing all right, war or no war, and it shows every sign of doing even better with wartime-travel bans lifted. A five-million-dollar day at the mutuel windows is already being predicted by the more vocal enthusiasts.

Time was, within the memory of the lowest-point man, when a three-million-dollar day was something to rave about, but that was passed long ago. The first four-million-dollar mutuel handle blossomed out of the VJ holiday when $4,304,616 passed through the machines at the Belmont Park Saratoga meeting. This was the second day of President Truman's holiday. A mere $3,909,538 was bet at the same track the day before.

Labor Day ran to high race-track attendance, too. Over 58,000 characters interested in the improvement of blooded equine stock crowded into the small Aqueduct course on the holiday. They plunked down $3,847,045 on the animals which reminded them of their lucky numbers, were named by the dope sheets, or figured out cosily according to the customers' assorted systems. The crowd was the second largest in New York racing history, eclipsed only by the record 64,670 at Jamaica last Memorial Day. The cars brought out to the park by the end of gas rationing made the surrounding lots look like an invasion staging area.

In case anyone wonders about the results of all this post-VJ-Day betting, we shall record that Belmont Park on Aug. 27, paid off the largest daily double in New York racing history. It was a juicy $4,313.90 each to 24 racegoers who had had the foresight to purchase two-dollar pasteboards on Buddie Bones and Junction City, both maidens.

Other sports followed the baseball and racing leads. Golf, which managed to survive most wartime woes—skipping those weary hours of hunting for a precious ball a player would have given up in a minute three years ago—was quick to show the effects of victory. Galleries increased at the major matches and pro divot diggers, doffing their uncomfortable khakis, began to push into the winning money again.

The latest exponent of pasture pool to get back into the P.G.A. ranks is ex-Lt. Ben Hogan. He lost little time in joining other pros in chasing Byron Nelson down the fairways. In the All-American Open, Hogan tied Sarazen for second and third money, with Nelson coming out on top as usual.

This was good going for a guy who had been laid off for some Army time, and Hogan proceeded to keep up the pace by pushing Nelson again in the Knoxville Open. Nelson won this number, too, but the ex-shavetail was in there for third money, just below Sam Byrd, onetime baseball player from Detroit. One extra swing of Hogan's gave Byrd the margin.

Hogan's next try was the Nashville Open and he didn't waste time fooling around. He led off with a seven-under-par 64 in the first round; the best Nelson could do was a 70. Nelson came back in later rounds, but Hogan hung onto his lead. Hogan's final and winning count was 265, four under the 269 that enabled Nelson to divide second and third coin with Johnny Bulla of Atlanta.

Tennis had its service representative in Sgt. Frankie Parker, AAF. Parker, showing little harm from his GI training, retained his national championship title at the Forest Hill matches. As a preview of what tennis fans can expect when demobilization becomes more complete, two other contestants, both hot, were A/C Bob Falkenburg and Lt. Gardnar Mulloy.

Going down the sports roster, it's hard to find a game that hasn't either benefited by VJ or doesn't, at the very least, expect to benefit. Football, which managed to live only by the exhibitions of power-inflated service teams in the past two seasons, is already beginning to perk up and take a little nourishment. This season comes too quickly on the heels of VJ to give much hope for anything but a slightly more robust version of some of the interpretive dancing done in the various stadia last year. Nonetheless, the seeds—discharged GIs taking college courses and freshman ranks no longer so completely draft-combed—are there.

Pro football, of course, can hope for an immediate improvement, and the new All-America Conference is girding its moleskins for a knock-down, drag-out tussle with the older National Football League. The competition should give pro customers more than their usual money's worth, especially when some veteran players get back.

Boxing remains a question mark. Professional pugs as well as amateurs are being discharged from the services, and managers and trainers are busy lining them up as prospective "White Hopes," whatever they are. One school says that service veterans will dominate the squared circle for years to come, another says that the boys who trained on C-rations and obstacle courses will never be able to hold their own in the big time. Whatever happens, the million-dollar gate will probably return, especially when and if Mike Jacobs stages another Louis-Conn bout. No new threat to the Louis crown has been developed by the war.

Basketball gets the same shot-in-the-arm as football, with not quite so much delayed action on the results. Conference play, abandoned because of travel difficulties and player shortage, should return this winter. If anyone still has doubts about the cage game's being a major sport, let him remember the national hell raised by last winter's Brooklyn College scandal.

Yachting, wrestling, swimming, skiing, hockey, soccer and the whole sports alphabet can look forward to a new boom. Even in fields less known, a VJ-yeast is working.

OUR department of unusual athletics, headed by and consisting of Pfc. Justus Billadello, was strolling down Broadway only the other evening, covering the pinball arenas in search of straws in the wind. A little man approached Pfc. Billadello and tugged lightly at his Hershey-bar-incrusted sleeve.

"Yuh the writer fa YANK wid the unusual athaletics?" he asked in a whisky baritone.

Pfc. Billadello allowed as how he was.

"I got somepin' to show yuh," said the little man and he reached into his pocket. He drew out a flea. "It's a flea," he said.

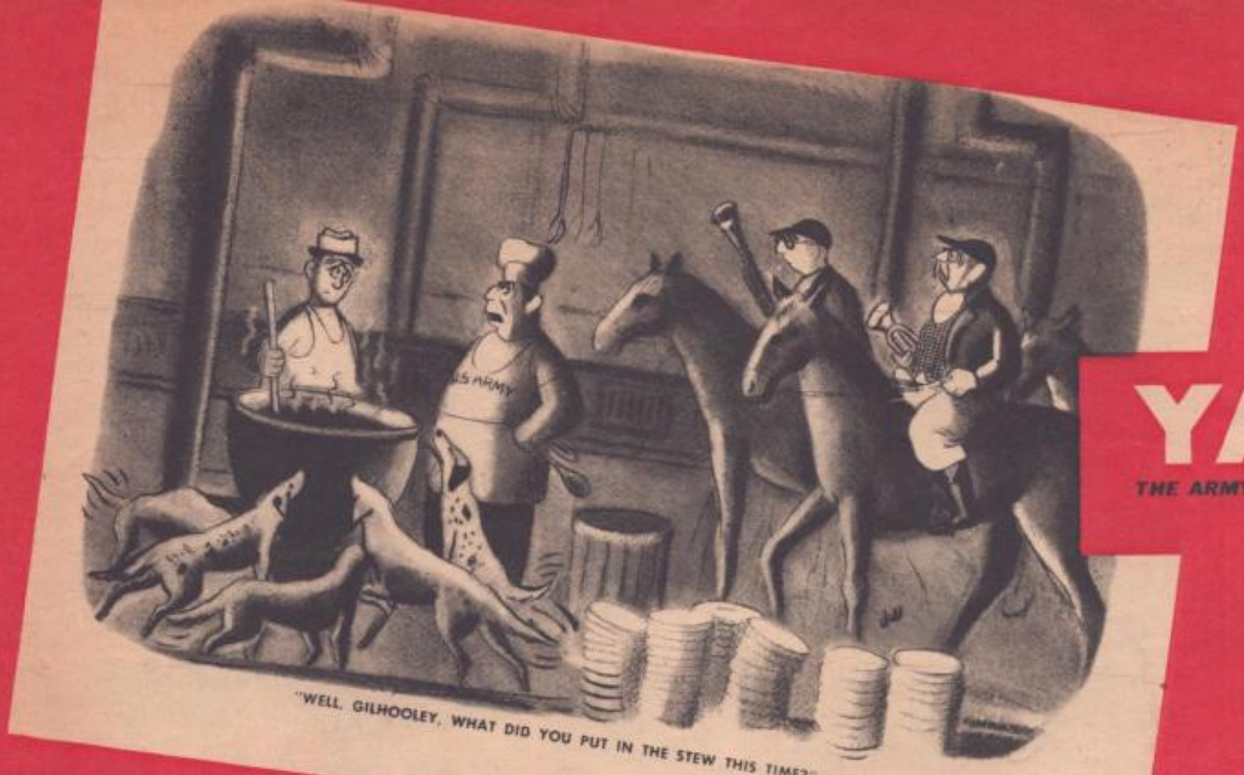
"A flea for the coicus," he went on. "A fren' mine sennit from the Pacific. Lookit how much bigger it is'n these ordinary fleas. Lookit how big the muscles, how red the eyes. Trains on blood *and* whisky. Gonna revolutionize the flea coicus business.

"Oney thing is, that whisky. Flea's gotta get it from the blood stream. I gotta drink it to feed the flea. Yuh woodin want a measley quarter to stand inna way the improvement of the breed, would yuh?"

Pfc. Billadello donated his quarter to the post-war boom in sports and came back and told us all about it. He says the flea will probably be used in the chariot race.

Everything is booming. Next week, pinochle.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"WELL, GILHOOLEY, WHAT DID YOU PUT IN THE STEW THIS TIME?"
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

—S/Sgt. Douglas Borgsted

—Sgt. Wayne Thiebaud

"WE CAN BE FRIENDS NOW, HAH?"
—Pfc. Walter Iler

"WHEN I SAY PULL IT UP, I MEAN PULL IT UP."
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George